

EXTRA

WANTED

off the wall

APRIL 1, 1984

CHEAP

FREE

EXTRA

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD!

On the inside...

Day in court

Time

Under the Dome

Fellow-inmate cri
extends jail

OFF
Over the Wall

sentence

WANTED

Merchants desiring to retire
from business

Deaths

LAW
MAY 1, 1976
DAY

Habeas corpus dies

FOR SALE

Past records haunt ex-convicts
RECORD

Prisoner
human

VOID
WHERE
PROHIBITED
BY
LAW

An Eleventh-Hour Reprieve



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OFF THE WALL

1976

OFF THE WALL

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A MONTHLY PUBLICATION FOR CONVICTS

*

OCTOBER 1976

OFF THE WALL is a monthly publication. It is printed with permission of the Administration of the Saskatchewan Penitentiary and the opinions expressed are not necessarily 'SHARED' by the Administration.

It is devoted to the interests and activities of the men in the Saskatchewan Penitentiary, and it has two objectives: 1) to give us a source of information and facts, and 2) to provide a form of communication and representation for us - the cons. We would appreciate any suggestions, criticisms, cartoons, and information of value to the convict population, for our next issue.

staff

EDITOR BILL HAAS
CO-EDITOR LARRY SCHAU
PRINTING AL LAROQUE
DENNIS HOWE
CIRCULATION 680

inside

ADDRESS ALL ENQUIRIES TO:
THE EDITOR OFF THE WALL
BOX 160 PRINCE ALBERT
SASKATCHEWAN CANADA

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CREDIT TO THE INDIVIDUAL
AUTHOR. THANKS

PRISON COUNT 508 TO OTHER JOINTS 23
HIGH NUMBER 5151 TO FARM ANNEX 5
CONS ADMITTED 23 PAROLE/RELEASE 0/22



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Final Assault:

HOW TO WIN THE PAROLE GAME

TRY PYRAMID POWER

The jails across Canada are getting full to the brim, including K.4W. They will soon have to find ways to make room for newcomers, mainly parole violators. So the odds are that they will have to start giving out parole again. (Sorry N.P.S. - my mistake, you have been giving some).

For those who want to climb on the bandwagon, here are some helpful hints. First one must come up with a suitable plan. Suitable, usually means that the plan, to be foolproof, must be one that is not worn out no matter how good it is.

Next, one must choose a destination that is suitable. Suitable is not where your home is, or where you were busted. Suitable is usually a place that is the "in place" for parolees or at least one that has not become overused. The plan should be unique. One that has punch and imagination, coupled with promises of good job prospects and little chance at getting pinched again. Or worse, have guilty thoughts in the eyes of the parole people.

And for a 'Final' touch of POWER on the side of the inmate applicant, try placing your parole papers inside a pyramid for at least two weeks prior to mailing.

Here are some preassembled parole plans. Under each heading choose one answer and combine all these -in order- to complete one 'Do-it-yourself' Parole Package:

REASONS FOR APPLYING:

- to be a pioneer in the far north
- to be a 'cabinet minister' in the Trudeau Government
- to be a union leader for CUPE
- to help build the Olympic Stadium
- to run a half-way house in the far north for ex-cabinet ministers
- to become a recidivist and help push through the Peace and Security Bill.

- to aid in the disarming of citizens and help install wire-taps after the Peace and Security Bill has passed through parliament.

DESTINATION:

- far north
- Ottawa
- Montreal

ACCOMADATIONS

- houseboat made of discarded Argus aircraft
- Parliament Buildings (after Parliament is abolished)
- Homes of citizens (after their arrest for not turning in their guns or letting them be stolen)
- Sussex drive (after the army overthrows the new dictator)
- Army Bases (after the people revolt against the army).

WHY I THINK I SHOULD BE FREE IN SOCIETY:

- Pierre is
- The mayor of Montreal is
- the union leaders are
- some cabinet ministers are
- Skyshops conspiritors are
- Harbourgate conspiritors are
- Nixon and Johnson are
- What's one more anyway?

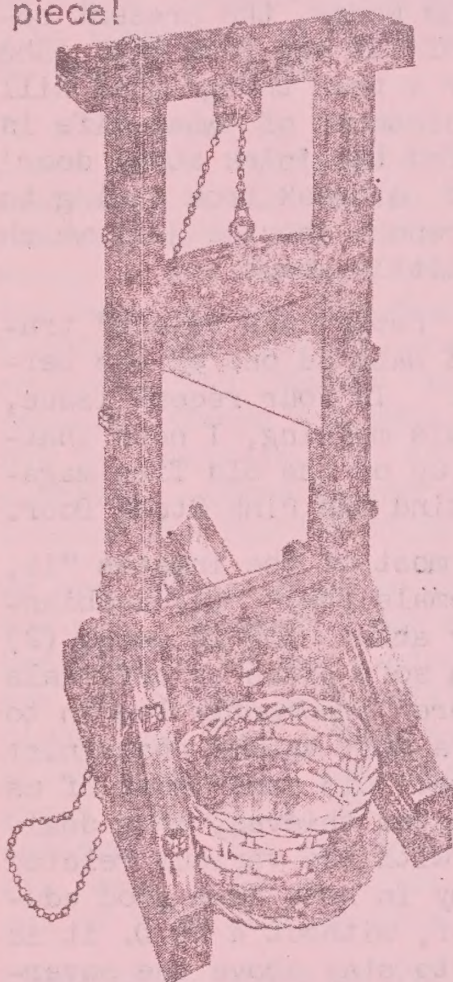
Nancy Ward-Armour

Editor, TIGHTWIRE



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AN
EXPERIENCE
YOU'LL
NEVER
FORGET



Another issue is upon us. We are a little off schedule due to the fact that

we had it complete and decided to pull it apart and do it in gestifax rather than the old wax stencils. In the future this promises to give us a much better print. It will allow us to include a lot more art work that was not possible with the old method. I would hope that this would add to your enjoyment of the paper.

It is also our intention to return to a smaller, but more frequent issue (once per month). The bigger issue allows us more latitude in the length of special articles, but two months is a long time and people forget that we are around.

Those wishing to contribute articles may do so in one of two ways - residents may use the box in the dome provided for OFF THE WALL, and street readers simply

Introducing The Ultimate

send their goodies to OFF THE WALL - c/o The Editor. We are always glad to receive material. It is your paper and it will turn out as good as you choose to make it.

Our brothers out east, with their publication, seem to have no end of trouble from HEAT (Note: is is winter so it can't be the weather.) We too have our share of problems. One of the main ones is the delay in gaining access to the office. Almost all of the paper is produced on our own time (excercise) without compensation (pay). For this reason it is a terrible shame to spend half of the time standing in the dome waiting to get the door open. I guess that is one of the prices we have to pay - but at the current price of coffee - they will have to increase the wages. So much for the complaint department. HAPPY READING.

3

SECRETS, SCANDALS, RUMORS

rapping off

LETTERS



A Treasure to Share

Thank you for the paper. I certainly don't share your opinions on homosexuality. I'm glad I never got involved with crime to the extent of doing pen time. I understand there's a certain amount of violence involved in making a new "fish" a convert - to the society. I suppose I couldn't have fought the whole joint so perhaps it would have broken my spirit to be degraded so.

By the way, if you're looking for compassion, understanding, hope and so on, God's word says love never fails and he doesn't mean homosexual love either. As far as getting others to understand you, you certainly won't find a person understanding if you are trying to break down the principles he is trying to uphold. That goes for policemen, parole officers or just relatives and friends. I'm still your brother, but I don't share your sentiments on rebellion or the gay life. I find you open in your editorials just the same, and I thank you for sending me your viewpoint.

And lookit! Next time you want some tender 'loving care' and understanding from someone who's not queer, try your brother, eh?

Jim

Calgary, Alberta.

"So that the reader won't get the wrong impression I would like to mention that it is seldom a question of force. Those 'boogy-man' stories are very popular in

the states but they don't hold much this far north. US queers are basically a friendly lot, and don't go for that arm-twisting stuff.

Editor:

Great Summer

Scored heavy this month. OFF THE WALL got a letter from Nancy, the present editor of the TIGHTWIRE mag from P4W. She has put together a few things that will give a better picture of what life is really like behind the 'pink steel door' and we will get a break from having to listen to men report about a jail which they know very little about.

"We here at the "Petty-coat Palace" truly enjoy OFF THE WALL as one of the better prison mags. In your recent issue, just received this morning, I note that you have picked up on the old Time magazine article, Behind The Pink Steel Door.

In the words of most of the inmates "it, underated the female con." (1) Lesbianism runs to only about 10% in here. (2) Chicks may give a soft pitch to officials on how they were innocently led in to crime.....only a soft headed chauvinist would believe that old con! Most of us are either dedicated thieves, drug dealers, or addicts with the various related crimes. (3) Many in here have good educations. However, without a Ph.D. it is near impossible to stay above the poverty line if one has children. In a male oriented world..crime does pay, at least more than Mother's Allowance! (4) The annex was open for less than two years. Closed, last summer of 75. The women in Canada's Federal Prison, there is only one, are Maximum, Medium, and Minimum risks...yet here we all do our time, together, subject to the same rules. (5) We also have no psychiatric unit....they

...continued on the next page-



Letters from Readers

Too are thrown in the cell-blocks. Segregation when they "flip-out." (6) There is also no separate unit for the undesirables.....on the range with the rest of us.

Women in here are treated like "mis-behaving children".....a carry-over from a male oriented society. We are expected to throw "temper-tantrums", and appeased with tokenism, curtains to hide the bars on the cell doors.

It's frustrating to read how we are supposed to be "phased out" for a better system.....only to see them doing major renovations to all parts of the building except - the living areas where plaster has been falling for years, & rain-water flooding the living areas from lack of repairs. The answer to our request for repairs, always the same, "the future of P4W is uncertain, or, as we are a minute minority, there is not enough funds allocated for P4W for this."

We are doing time in a system designed for men, however, not entitled to your benefits as we are a minority of women. Are we bitter over this? You are damn right we are! Many are thousands of miles from their families and can do ten years without a visit from parents or children. The provinces take a few girls back. Two or three a year at most, out of a population of a hundred.

Other than those in for murder, I fail to see where our Director bases his statistics that women are mainly in here for emotional reasons? In YOUR penitentiary, most murder related crimes are also due to emotional reasons. It is just about as bright to say that all natives are lazy and drunks. Fallacies that premeate a bigots mind. Women have too long been catagorized as unintelligent 'lesser beings' not responsible for their actions. Of course, it was a man who made the statement to Time mag.

I hope that this shall be printed to clarify an issue that is at the best, harmful, to WE the female inmate in Canada's Federal Penal System. Unfortunately many women generate this fallacy

themselves as they too, have been brain-washed to believe it, or at least go along with it.

I leave on Mandatory next week, I shall probably be back. I have yet to live on Welfare and make no bones about my intentions. However, I suppose the prison system will still maintain I have only an emotional problem.....sure wish the courts would say that when they read my record before sentence.....

Nancy Ward-Armour Editor, TIGHTWIRE.

OUT OF THE PAGES

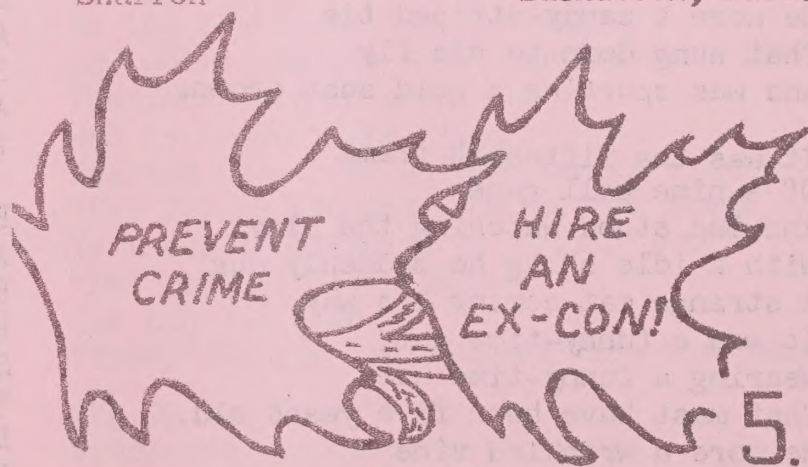
I would like to say that I thoroughly enjoy your publication. The best article or series that I have read in your newspaper is the Horoscope, the way that it is written in the modern lingo. Super!! Well done. The whole newspaper is so much more interesting that way it is written without trying to sound super intellectual - its informative too. The only suggestion is that you have the Horoscope every issue and the jokes are good to have too.

Bill, it is a good idea, I think more people should receive this publication. It might help them to understand more of the problems people have and also inform them on what is going on in the world instead of staying inside their comfortable little worlds of their own.

How about having a 'pen-pals' of writing buddies area if people want to write to guys in the pen?

Sharron

Saskatoon, Sask.



ode to honky-tonk



AN ODE TO HONKY-TONK BUD

Honky-Tonk Bud, the hip cat stud
Stood digging a game of pool
He was sharp in his silk bag,
But he wasn't no brag
Cause he knew he was lookin real cool
He was choked up tight
In a white-on-white
And his cocoa-brown suit was down.
He wore a candy-striped tie
That hung down to his fly
And was sporting a gold dust crown.

It was the fifteenth frame
Of a nine ball game
And Bud stood watching the play.
With a idle shrug he suddenly dug
A strange cat coming his way.
It was a funny-time cat,
Wearing a funny-time hat
That must have been five years old.
He wore a wrinkled vine
And needed a shine
And shivered as if he were cold.

Now to all the other studs,
Except Honky-Tonk Bud,
The stranger looked like
An ordinary flunky.
But with well trained eyes,
From many past highs,
Bud dug that he was a junky.
Just like that he knew where it was at;
The stranger wanted to get high.
He was sick and needed a fix
And was out to make a buy.

Bud grinned, as the cat moved in
And asked if he knew Shorty Moore?
Now Shorty wasn't around
'Cause his stash was down;
He had gone uptown to score.
"But if you got eyes to pop king-size.
I can cop some stuff for you,
'Cause I'm Honky-Tonk Bud,
The hip cat Stud,
Known from Times Square to Lennex Ave.
So if you want to cop, let's talk shop
It's the only connection I know.
Give me the bread and lay hear dead
And wait for me to show."

The stranger looked down
With a half-way frown,
Trying to make up his mind.
"I'm leery", he said
"To part with the bread,
I'm looking for the best I can find.
'Cause three other guys
Got cash in the hat
And I don't want to chance their dough.
So cop me a test bag
And if the stuff ain't no drag
Then I'll let the bread go."

Bud hesitated, 'cause he'd underated
And thought to make a quick sting.
But the stranger was down,
He wasn't no clown;
So he'd have to cop the real thing.
"Tell you what, my man,"
Bud said, holding up his hand,
"I'll get you a piece,

continued.....

On a short term lease,
And you don't have to put up no ends.
First you can try it -
If you like it, you buy it -
Either way, we'll still be friends!"

Bud showed back quick
Cause he was also getting sick
And they went up to his pad to fix.
He unwrapped to spikes
Laid out to hypes,
And prepared to releave his heaves..
Then he cooked up the smack
From a cellophane pack,
And they both rolled up their sleeves.

Because he was scarred,
The stranger hit hard
As he tried to find a vein.
Then he hit red, and Honky said
"Be cool fool, that stuffs grain."
With the smack tasted,
The stranger was wasted.
"That sure enough is nice."
Then the gleam in his eyes
Withered and died
And turned to glazed ice.

Honky-Tonk sighed and slowly untied
"Man, I'm flying real high".
The stranger made a pass,
Flashed a gold coloured badge,
Said, "Punk, I'm the F.B.I.
The stuff was nice,
But its linked with vice
And its against the law, you know.
So shut up your trap, put on your wrap
Grab your hat and let's go."

All the hustlers heard about
Honky-Tonks fall and filled
The court room and also the hall.
For Honky-Tonk was a well liked name
Because he hollered and always follered
The rules of any mans game.
There was sweet Drawers Lucy
Lookin real juicy,
Half-Head and Stublin' Blue;
Short Cow Dave and his Half-breed slave
And Frenchy, the wandering Jew.
Jo-Jo the rabbit,
The Hustling girl's habbit
Dumb-Dumb and Cabbage head.

Sixty-nine Lil, with 3 dollar bill
Cat Eyes and Wiskey-Top Ed;
All eyes turned right
When old Soft Toned Ed
Walked in wearing a cashmere vine;
While famous gunslinger,
Called Sammy the stringer
Covered him well from behind.



7.

Bud stood cool and unshaken,
As the court oath was taken,
And while charges were read by the clerk.
Then old Judge Stern
Who is known to be firm,
Started the trial with a smirk.
"Now let us proceed, how do you plead
To these indictments of sellin junk?"
"Not guilty," said Bud,
The hip cat stud.
"These charges are chumped from the jump
The D. A., Paul Grace
Presented the Government's case,

....continued on the next page

ODE TO HONKY-TONK BUD - continued

And the agent involved took the stand.
He told in detail how he got the sale
And that Bud was a big time man.
He's got an adding machine mind
Wears a three-hundred dollar vine;
Drives a caddy as long as a train.
He might act squirrel
But he's pimping five girls,
And is a master of the confidence game.

Percival Spence, the hip-cat's defense
Was known as an all time great.
In his hand lay bud's ten grand
And also the threads of his fate.
"I can't beat it," he said
As he counted the bread.
"That's a fact you might as well face,
Edgar J. Pagent, the narco agent
Has built up an airtight case.
Your record's too long
Their game is too strong
And I can't buy a break nowhere.
The jury picking is done,
I can't get to one;
The lab technicians won't buy
The D.A. is scared,
And won't take no bread;
And you just don't buy - the F.B.I.
I've tried other things,
Pulled political strings,
But the word is 'hands off' no can do
I'm sorry bud, but that's the rub
They're out to make an example of you.

These were the facts,
As the D.A. attacked
The character of Honky-Tonk Bud.
The hustlers sneered,
As they heard his name smeered;
Trampled and dragged through the mud.
But all the while,
Through the storm of the trial,
Honky sat unperturbed.
They squared his name,
And ranked his game
And he didn't even say a word.

The hustlers screamed frame,
Called the jury some names;
And even voiced a threat.
Then old Judge Stern,
Who is known to be firm
Banged for order with his mallet.

The hustlers quelled
And a sudden hush fell,
So silent in wonder
That it sounded like thunder.



8.

The judge cleared his throat
And asked Bud by rote:
"Does the defendant have something
to say?....."
"I do," said Bud, the hip cat stud,
continued on the next page.....

ODE TO HONKY-TONK BUD - continued

"Before you send me away,
"Now I'm not crying,
Cause the agent is lying
And left you all with the notion
That I'm a big wheel
In the narcotics field.
I hope he cops a promotion
I knew from the jump,
You was holding the trup
When you wouldn't let my lawyer object.
A fact is a fact and a stack is a stack
And I couldn't make you shuffle the deck
I'll get a full load,
Cause I strayed from the code.

You'll make an example of me
While some drunken villan
Runs over your children
Pays a small fine and goes free.
It's all in the game,
I knew when I sat down to play.
I took all the odds,
You dealt all low cards;
But that's the price a junky must pay.
So here's a note,
For your reported to quote -
Bud took his time to grin.
"But those that know,
They'll tell you for sure
It's the same kind of grin when I win....

- VOICES FROM THE BIGHOUSE -



charlie's first case

* FICTION *

BY:
WILLIAM
EDWARDS:

IT STARTED LAST SATURDAY, ABOUT TWO IN the morning. I had my feet on the desk, taking all the time in the world assembling and re-assembling my .38, a thing I

always did when I had nothing else to do and that is exactly what I had been doing for the last three weeks - nothing.
continued on the next page-

CHARLIE'S FIRST CASE - continued

I had started Charles Johnson and Associates - the associates was just for show because, shit man, there wasn't even enough room in this cubby-hole for me let alone associates. Add the fact that I hadn't seen a soul in days, not even the rent collector, and you will understand my surprise when a heavy knock rattled my door. I let the hammer down on 'old equalizer' and dropped it into a drawer.

"It's open" I said hoping I sounded like Joe Mannix. The door swung wide and for a minute, I didn't think it was wide enough, but the three hundred pounds plus of blubber somehow squeezed his way through. I didn't laugh at the double breasted nightmare he had on, nor the spats but I did hold my breath when he plopped his ponderous bulk into my only client's chair. The sorry excuse for a seat had more strength than sense and only emitted a few squeaks. Fatty didn't waste any time and slapped a crisp packet of twenties on my desk. I couldn't remember when green looked better, so I graced him with my best Uncle Tom Grin.

"Who do you want killed?" Fatty missed the humour of my pun and fashioned his plump jaws into an expression of distaste. I didn't know if he disliked the cruddy quarters or the texture of my skin, but I was down to coffee and doughnut money and Philadelphia's newest black private sleuth needed some work.

"Don't judge a book by its cover, Mister ahh....." "Smith," he wheezed, sounding like a rusty Brillo pad scraping the sides of a frying pan. I had eyes only for the green. "What do I have to do for that?" "Solve a murder."

It figured, no simple divorce action for Charles Johnson on his first case. I had to start off with a homicide. Getting back to business, I asked Fatty why he didn't go to the police. I don't think he could have looked uglier, but he managed. "The Whartonville Police have already investigated the murder," Baby Huey said. "They closed their books." "Where's Whartonville?" I asked. "Mecklenberg County,"

he answered. "Where's that?" I queried, wondering if Fatty was intending to make me ask sixty - four questions before he told me what planet Whartonville was on. "Virginia."

Now, I knew where Virginia was and I also knew what happened to little black boys that went around not minding their



own business. I asked Fatty why he had come all the way to Philly and what he expected me to do that the fuzz had not already. He took an attitude and reached for his bread. As the green was disappearing in the folds of his double-breasted tent, a hard knot formed in my throat. Fatty turned to leave. I just couldn't resist - "By the way, how much was there?" "Twenty-five hundred."

The buxom number hummed a melody in my head and made me think of Southern bells instead of Southern Bigots, golden-brown tobacco fields instead of rotten cotton, sprawling green lawns instead of forty rocky acres and a mule. For that kind of money, I would have shot my way into Jim Crow's barroom. "It's a deal."

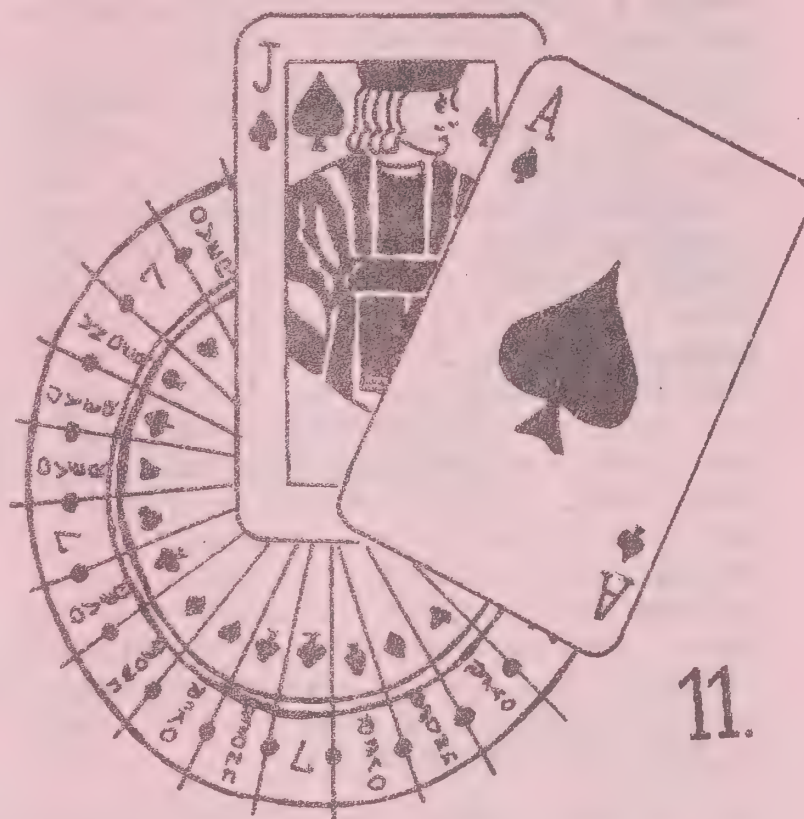
Fatty produced the bundle of green joy, along with a thick brown envelope, and tossed them on my desk. "The people I want investigated are wealthy, very pow-

CHARLIE'S FIRST CASE - continued

erful and very dangerous," he warned. "There'll ne another twenty-five hundred waiting in the Mecklenberg County Sheriff's office, IF you bring in the murderer." I waited for Fatty to tell me more, but that was it and I assumed the brown envelope contained whatever data I would need. I nodded and without further ado, he miraculously manipulated his fat ass out the door.

The first thing I did was treat myself to a giant milkshake and a huge MacDonald hamburger. T. C. Wharton, sixth in a long line of Southern industrialists, was dead at the age of sixty-two. The causes of his demise were gunshot wounds and a multitude of them. Two in the upper chest, one in the jaw, and another at the base of the skull, delivered by a person or persons unknown. Except for an ancient butler, all the suspects were members of the Wharton family. Local police had conducted a cursory investigation, but afraid to delve to deep into the matter or step on any toes they had come up with a blank. The last item in the envelope really tickled the old in-ards. It was a document making me an official Mecklenberg County Detective. My name had already been typed in, so Fatty must have known all along I was hungry enough to accept the assignment. Twelve hours later I cruised into Whartonville, Virginia, with all flags flying. I could have made it in seven, but once south of Baltimore I didn't push the old Chevy past forty.

Whartonville turned out to be just what I expected, a creepy little burg, stuffed into two blocks on one side of the highway. If it hadn't been for the "CAUTION SLOW" sign, I probably would have breezed right past the whole shebang. The driveway leading to the Wharton estate was longer than the town and by the time I navigated my gasping steed up the elm-shaded lane, she was flapping at the fenders. There was a fleeting instant when I wondered if I was in the right state because the towering elegant mansion over me and my trembling heap was a brother to the White House. My fears



were quickly dispelled as, in answer to softly chiming bells, a fugitive from Uncle Ben's rice ushered me through a long vestibule and into a spacious draw-in room. Spacious? They could have held the N.C.A.A playoffs there and still had room for a crap game.

They were all waiting when Uncle Ben escorted me in and announced my name. At least I wouldn't have to be tracking any one across a burning desert or something equally as bad. Angelie, T.C.'s grey-haired widow, reclined regally in a flower coloured occasional chair near an un-lit fireplace. She didn't get up when I walked in. He dark-haired son, Everett, sprawled at one end of an overstuffed sofa. He didn't acknowledge my presence either. Everett's spouse was the one I couldn't figure. Charolle Wharton sat on the sofa also, but as far away from Everett as possible. She was a slutty looking redhead with thick pouting lips and buttons ready to burst holes in a black leather shirt. And lastly there was Uncle Ben, somewhere in his late seventies or middle nineties or maybe over the century mark. His bony frame was just that, a frame, and if it hadn't been for a black tail and pants he could have hid

continued on the next page

CHARLIE'S FIRST CASE - continued

behind a table leg. A shock of snowwhite hair was his only saving feature.

I didn't see any sense in bullshitting so I told them why I was there and got right to it. I started with the old lady "You were by the door?" The hawk-faced bitch twittered, "Is that what the Police told you?" I knew right then and there that if I planned to accomplish anything, I would first have to shake some of the dust out of the old bag's drawers. I stuck my ugly black face a inch from her beak and fixed her with a pimp sneer. "Lady, we are on different wave lengths, but if you know what's happening you'll tune into my station pretty gawd-awful quick! You might have the local yokels scared, but not Charles E. Johnson. Now, when I ask a question, I want an answer and not a lot of smart mouth! Comprehende?"

Too bad the Academy Awards Committee was not on hand because that little Lee Marvin bit would have won me an award real easy: by my performance didn't phase Angelie Wharton. Amused crinkles joined crow tracks already around her eyes and she looked at me like I was wacked out. Everet was another matter, and he jumped up 'sputtering' indignantly. The minute he opened his mouth I knew why Charolette was at the other end of the sofa.

"Now thee here! You cawn't....."

I pulled open my Brooks Brothers jacket far enough for him to see the walnut of "Old Equalizer" and to convince him that I was not the Chattanooga Shoe Shine Boy alone in Dixie. "You have no right to employ such Gestapo methods," he blustered. "You're not the police!" He fluttered his eye lashes and sat down.

"Wrong miss thing," I said, patting my breast pocket. "T.C.'s friends got me a bonafide commission from the Couty

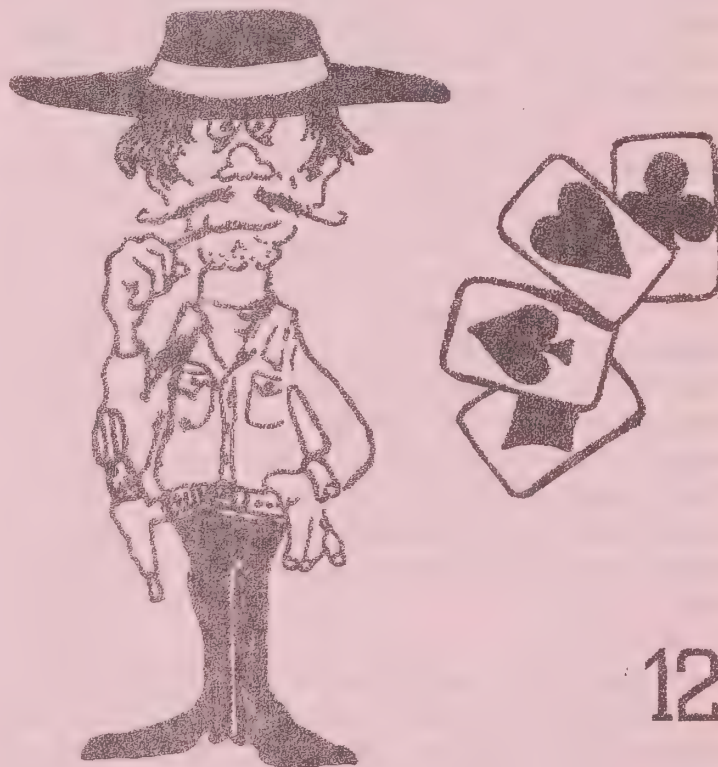
bonafide commission from the County she-riff. You're talking to John Q. System, and don't you forget it."

Angelie snorted through her nose. "How absurd. T.C. had no friends, not even while he was alive." "he was a desperate brute," Everet put in. I had been wondering myself just where fatty's mot-

ives were in footing the bill for this private probe. But then, with nearly twenty-five hundred big ones bulging my back pocket and the prospect of twenty-five more, mine not to question, merely to serve.

To cover my confusion, I pulled out my rent receipt and studied it like it was the secret plans to the X-15. I was bogged down in crackerland with a hag, a fag a tramp, and a relic from Gone With The Wind, and I didn't know which way was up. I remembered a phrase once uttered by a noted basketball coach during halftime - "The best defense is offense" - and I started firing questions, using what I had gathered from Fatty's brown envelope as a base. "After the lights went out and the shots were fired, who turned them back on again?"

"I did," Angelie volunteered, much to my



12.

astonishment. "No one left the room until the Police arrived!" Angelie nodded stiffly. "Who called the police?" Charolette was in the middle of a tired yawn when she studded. "I...I.." "Was the phone in T.C.'s room?" Charolette giggled "If nobody left the room, where else would it be?" She stuck her tongue out at me. Worldly as Charolette Wharton appeared, I still think she would have

CHARLIE'S FIRST CASE - cont. on PAGE 32



DETAILS INSIDE

SERVING PRINCE ALBERT SINCE 1976

PRINTED IN CANADA

VOLUME 2 startling and revealing collection of news AUGUST 1976

RADICALS KIDNAP SELVES

Today the drama is still in progress as six radical prisoners are holding themselves hostage in the garbage room of the Dunghill Prison Colony in the North West Territories. The incident began sometime last week, just when it was not fully clear, after the radicals were missed during the evening count. Authorities found them several hours later.

The radicals released a communique with their demands. The first demand issued wanted the Prison system taken out of the control of the Department of the Solicitor General and turned over to the S.P.C.A. Further demands circumscribed the installation of an exhaust fan, at least temporarily, in the radicals' stronghold (the garbage room) because meaningful negotiations were too difficult with the stench

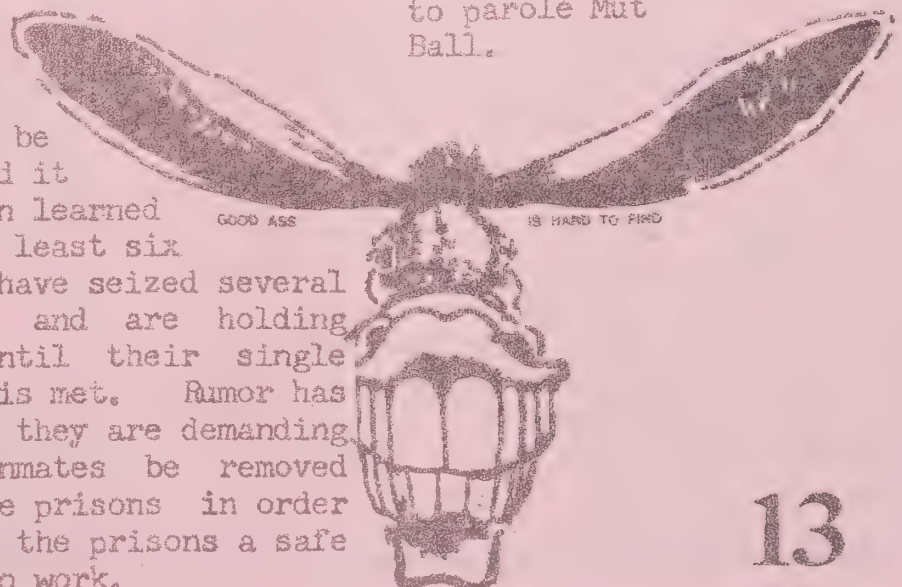
from the accumulated garbage.

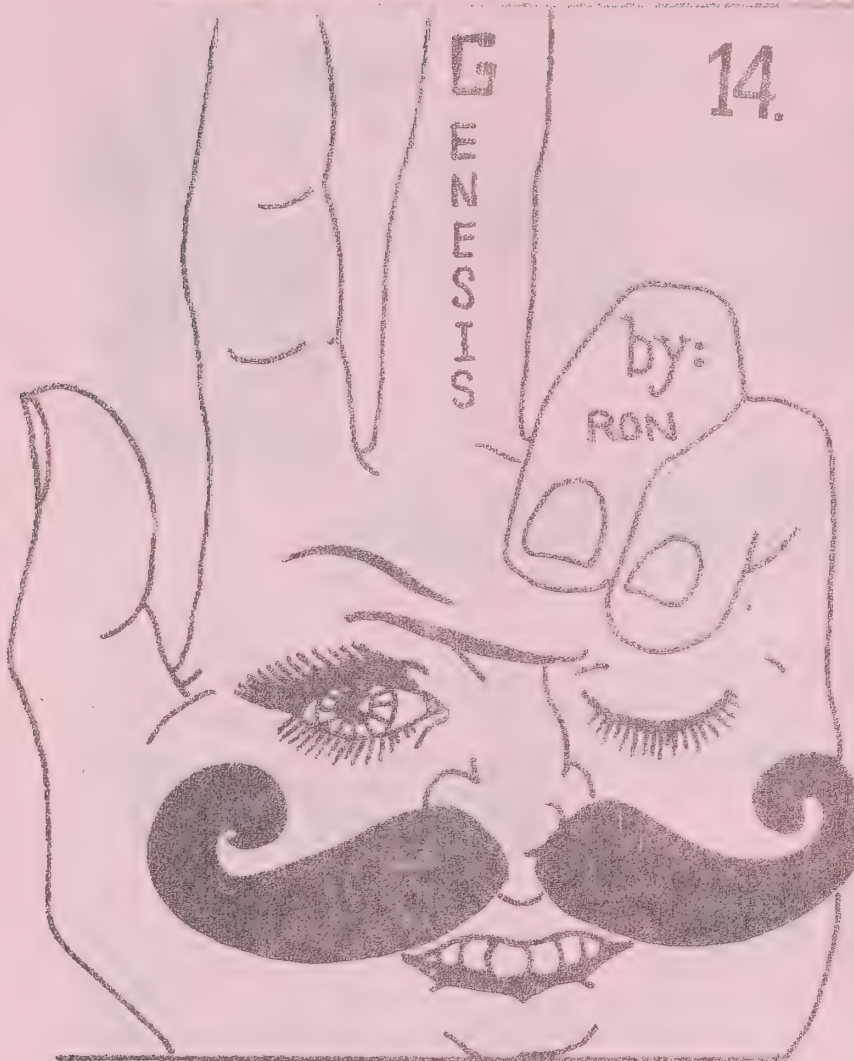
Prison officials are still negotiating the first demand and the latest word was that some meaningful developments were expected shortly.

SECOND SEIZURE: Another radical group, this time composed of prison staff, has also taken hostages. In a short statement about to be released it has been learned that at least six staff have seized several inmates and are holding them until their single demand is met. Rumor has it that they are demanding that inmates be removed from the prisons in order to make the prisons a safe place to work.

PAROLE

The rumor that paroles are now impossible to get has been proved entirely false today. This rag's reporter learned today that Con Mut Ball today received his eighth parole. He had previously violated seven paroles. The Parole Board stated in handing down the decision that at least he had demonstrated consistency. Some felt that the Board was merely unprepared to admit that they had made seven previous errors so they were forced to parole Mut Ball.





GOD, looking down upon his earth surveying all that he had created, remarked, "My goodness, it is all so peacefull and serene." Then, being just and good and wise in all things, GOD decided to create man.

He took all manner of 'necessary' things like - heartache, hatred, fear and torment. He dropped them all in a bag and then shook them up until they looked like something.

GOD looked down upon his creation and just as he was about to say "It is good" he noticed that it had one minor flaw. All of the necessities of man were draining out of the 'fingers and toes' (God felt that calling these appendages 'toes and fingers' was rather creative and he was extremely proud of himself). Anyway everything was running out of the fingers and toes so rather than empty the bag and start again, he added just enough love and tenderness to keep man in a constant state of turmoil. Then he quickly sealed off the 'fingers' and 'toes' with large knots.

GOD was pleased with himself and he said "It is Good." But, man was not pleased and he bitterly complained, "Look DAD, you may think that this is good but it just ain't working out as planned. The fingers and the toes are as uncomfortable as hell. I can't climb trees as these knots are always getting caught! Besides, they don't look nice. They look silly; like sausages. What will my friends say?" Then man whined to his creator, "Please DAD, how about fixing them up?"

God was perplexed and just a tiny bit preturbed (Man was beginning to be more bother than he was worth). But God, being all merciful and all good put his mind to the problem. For a while he was at a loss for an improvement; everything he thought of was just as useless, or ugly, or as uncomfortable as the knots. Then he exclaimed, "By Jove, I think I've got it!" God had realized that someday man would invent upholstery and he thought, "Why can't the upholstery principle be applied to this situation?"

He immediately set to work creating tacks that he called 'finger nails' and 'Toe nails' - God beamed at his minor stroke of genius). He took the nails to man, put them in place, and asked "How's that man?"

Man answered "Right on, God!" Then rushed out to show all of his friends, especially the serpent, his new finger and toe nails. And God said, "It is good!"

Now my friends, you may chuckle and say, "What a cute little tale." But this is not a tale - this is the truth and I can prove it. Hold your finger (or your toe) in front of your eyes. Turn it over! Study it - never mind what your friends might think if they catch you doing this. Take a good look and you will see a striking resemblance between the nail and an upholstery tack! You will also see a striking sililarity between your finger print and your - toe print, and the tuck and roll of an upholstered chair! With this indisputable proof, and your powers of reason can there be any other logical conclusion?

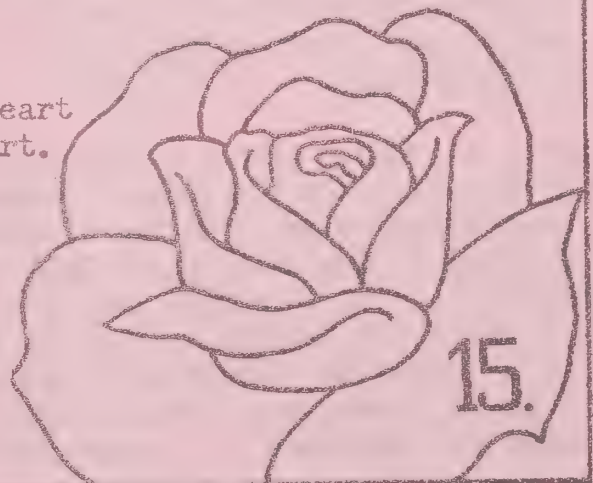
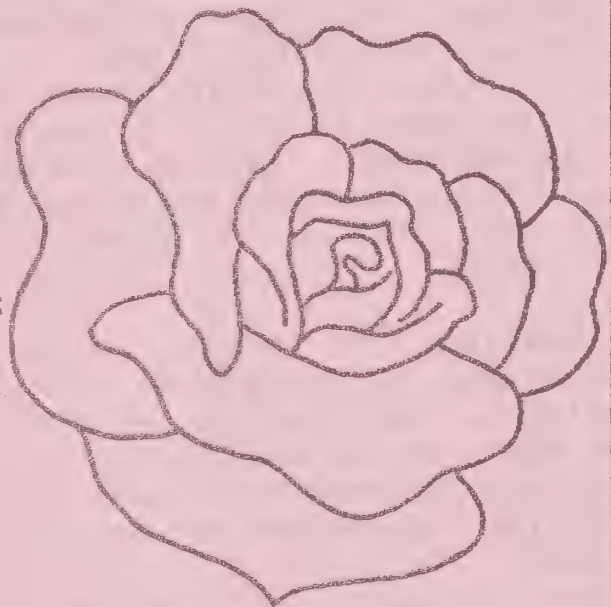
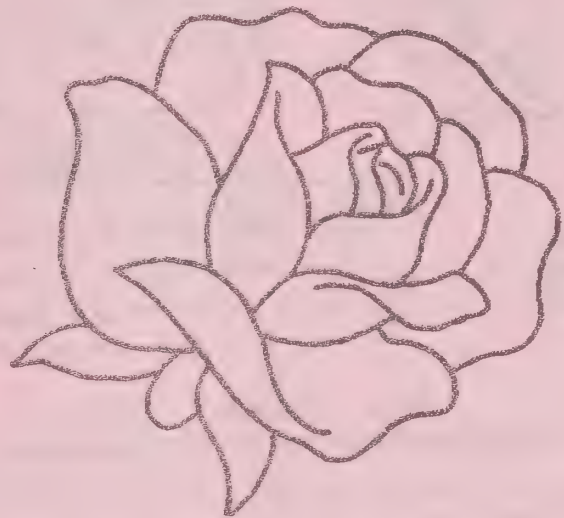
marriage creed



MARRIAGE CREED

So now little man you have grown tired of grass,
L.S.D., speed, cocaine and hash;
And someone pretending to be your friend
said, "I'll introduce you to Miss Heroin."
Well honey, before you start fooling with me
Just let me tell you how it will be
For I will seduce you and make you my slave,
I have sent much stronger men to an early grave!
You think you could never become a disgrace
And end up addicted to poppy seed waste.
So, you'll take me in your arms very soon;
And once I've entered deep down in your vein
The cravings will nearly drive you insane.
You'll need lots of money - as you've been told
For darling - I'm much more costly than gold!
You'll swindle your mother just for a buck.
You'll turn into something vile and corrupt.
You'll beg and you'll steal for my narcotic charm;
And then feel contented when I'm in your arm.
The day that you realize the monster you've grown
You will solemnly promise to leave me alone.
If you think that you've got the magical knack,
Then darling - Just try to get me off your back.
The vomit, cold sweat, those withdrawal pains;
Can only be relieved by my little white grains.
There's no other way - there's no need to look.
You'll desperately run to the pusher, and then -
You'll welcome me back in your arms once again!
And when I return - just as I foretold, I know
That you will give me your body and your soul.
You'll forsake your morals, your conscience, your heart
And you will be mine.....until death do we part.

Geraldine St. Onge - Outlook



Political Summer



by: LARRY SCHAU

Warden's court is the institutional agency that supposedly determines the guilt or innocence of an inmate charged with an internal offence and then imposes the punishment for this offence. I would like to begin by saying that I do not feel that Court is the right term to describe this body. Without resorting to name-calling, I would like to say that it acts more like a SENTENCING Board -- not a court.

To understand my reasons for this, one has to look at the general attitude of the Court. The first problem rests with the basic premise under which the Court operates. The court hears cases in which an officer has charged an inmate with an offence. The guilt of the inmate is a forgone conclusion, or else the officer would not have reason to lay the charge, or so goes the official logic. The inmate would not have been charged if he were not guilty.

In the old days, this idea was obvious to everyone. The old charge sheets use to have three holes for the disposition of the case: One said Plead Guilty, another said - Found Guilty, and the third was - Given the Benefit of the Doubt. At least in those days they were honest about their intention. Now, with all the changes and advances in penology, they have changed the form. Heaven's no! NO

need to change the policy, just the form.

Warden's court offers the defendant all of the rights and privileges that a good street court does. First, the right to remain silent and be found guilty any way. Second, the right to counsel as long as you wish to be your own counsel. This brings to mind the words of the famous defence counsel, Clarence Darrow, when he said, "A man who acts as his own lawyer, has a fool for a lawyer." Some consultation having a foolish lawyer rather than no lawyer.

All joking aside, I would like to see some drastic changes in the present system. Either cut the theatrics and call a spade a spade (or in this case a sentencing board a sentencing board) or change the system to bring the procedure in line with that followed by a court. The very concept of Court allows for the show of evidence to DETERMINE guilt. So it can not be a case of presupposed guilt with the opportunity of 'trying to talk' ones way out of it. Should the pretext of a court be desirable to maintain, then the person should have the right to be given a 'fair' and impartial trial. A lot of meaning in the words fair and impartial. In one particular case recently, a person was found guilty of a charge, of which he was clearly innocent, because it was apparent that he could and/or should have been charged with an entirely different offence than the one he was.

The present system does more harm than good. It gains no respect because all parties facing it do so with the presupposition that they will be found guilty, independent of the merits of their respective cases. Even those that are found innocent tend to get the feeling that they were let off just to give others the idea that some do 'beat the beefs' - and so, they too have a chance.

I propose that the name be changed to sentencing board. At least we will know where it is at.

Behold

Bow to Big Brother

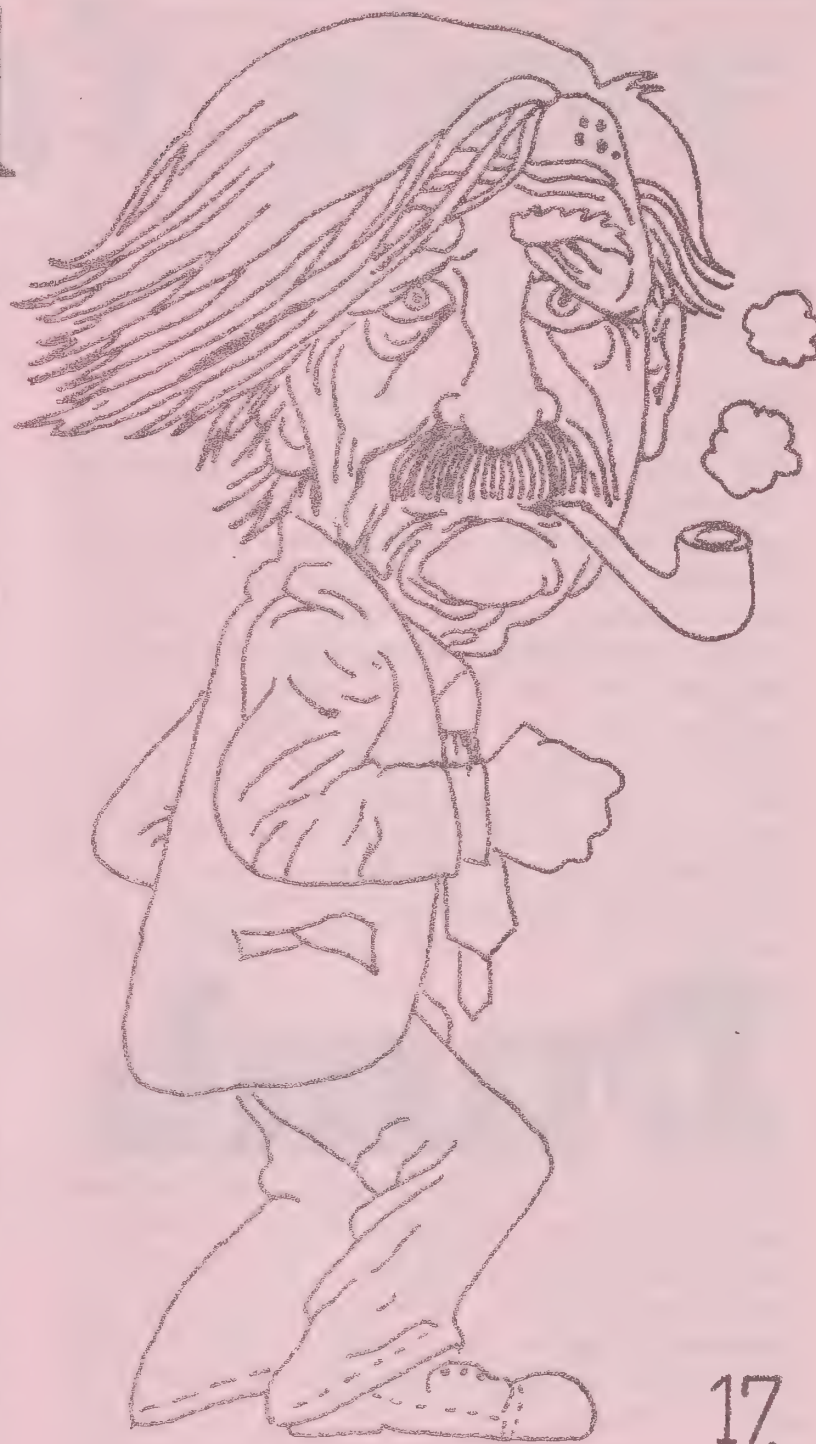
WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO GLEN GREEN?

Megavitamin therapy, or orthomolecular psychiatry, is used to correct faulty chemistry in the body, and is also used to treat schizophrenia, neurosis, hypoglycemia, alcoholism, anxiety states and LSD psychosis. Massive doses of vitamins particularly niacin(B3), are administered to patients receiving therapy: however this is not intended as a cure for vitamin deficiencies.

Dr. Abram Hoffer, president of the Canadian Schizophrenic Foundation (CSF) and director of psychiatric research at the University Hospital in Saskatoon and Dr. Humphrey Osmond, a psychiatrist at the Bryce Hospital in Tuscaloosa were co-discoverers of megavitamin therapy of schizophrenia. Dr. Hoffer has been nominated for a Nobel Prize for his research. At this time however, the Alberta College of Physicians and Surgeons has ruled that megavitamin therapy is still considered experimental. Despite the controversy, many followers of these two psychiatrists are presently practicing (or proposing to practice) this form of therapy; most of them are sincere and conscientious, and some are undoubtedly fanatical.

One follower is Dr. Glen Green, former physician at Sask. Penny. He advocates this form of treatment with a few twists added on, and his proposal is directed at the Canadian Prisoner. Dr. Green was the physician at P.A. from 1964 to 1971.

Speaking before the CSF, Green said that one third of P.A.'s population has subclinical pellagra -and can develop into schizophrenia and later a psychopathic personality. Subclinical pellagra, he said, is an allergy of the brain and can be corrected by proper diet. Subclinical



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pellagra could be wiped out if prisoners were given megadoes of niacin and other vitamins.

Dr. Green has some interesting ideas on the treatment 'employed' at present. He says, "It seems unfortunate we continue to treat symptoms rather than causes. So long as the patient complains, a succession of drugs are used until he either stops complaining or is so stoned that he can't complain.

continued on the next page

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO D. GREEN

Dr. Green's answer to this apparent problem is an eight point program of prevention by early recognition of the disease and treatment by diet, exercise, vaccine and vitamins: however I wonder if scare tactics and punishment are not also contributing factors to the plan. It may be possible to understand if we read his answer really closely:

WELCOME TO GREEN'S PROGRAM.

1) Keep discipline strict. Strict rules and regulations for inmates with swift punishment IS A MUST. 2) Corporal punishment must be re-instituted. "There is nothing like a good tanning to make a troublemaker think twice," he said. 3) Capital punishment should be re-instated because "We can not cure these people in our present state of knowledge and they refuse to cure themselves. Therefore, let's stop kidding ourselves." 4) The four day rotary diversified diet should be instituted and the use of sweets must be strictly curtailed. 5) Coffee, tea, cocoa, pop, and other stimulants should

Dumb

be used sparingly if at all. 6) The men should do more physical labour, even if it is non-productive. 7) A physical training program of two hours a day for inmates should be begun. 8) Smoking should be restricted to certain areas at certain times.

I thought that Doctors were, by and large a pretty sensible lot. Then surely this is a big fraud or a bad joke. There is one very strong point in Green's program that I see of merit. With all this physical training, a man could become a real strong s.o.b. and then go get that fellow after his release that had put him in a Nazi concentration camp. Of course if we extend Green's logic, it is just a short step to the real and true solution of all time. All we have to do is kill everyone that comes to prison. Right off the top your returnee rate is cut to 0. OFF THE WALL will send Green a get-well

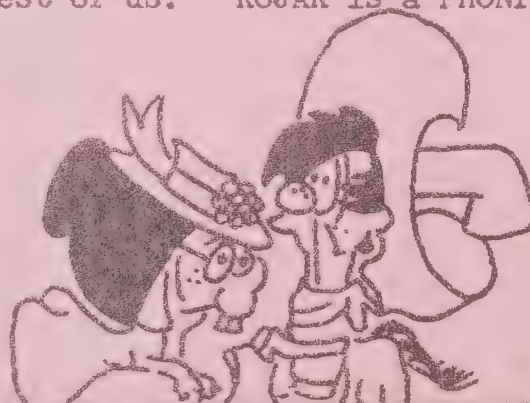
card. He is obviously in worse shape than us - and we are suffering from sub-clinical googaloo....(or something).

Honky-Tonk Man

KOJACK IS A PHONY

Television's Kojak, Columo, and Baretta are all dazzling crime solvers. A combination of underground contacts, inside knowledge and outside hunches invariably puts a culprit behind bars (or in the morgue) before the last commercial. But real police detection, according to a new study by the Rand Corp. is far less successful. "The image of the detective as a guy with a network of information who can help him crack cases is a myth," says Peter Greenwood, 36, the management analyst who directed the two year study of 156 U.S. police departments. Whether or not the case will be solved depends mostly on the information of the victim or a witness supplies to the investigating-officer. Adds Greenwood, "If a witness isn't available immediately after the crime, there isn't much the police can do."

Later investigation by detectives is usually scanty; only a small fraction of cases receive more than one day's attention. As a rule, detective work takes place after the arrest is made, not before, and consists mostly of "receiving reports, documenting files, and attempting to locate and interview victims on cases that experience shows will not be solved." Are detectives smart, slick and sexy? Says Greenwood: "Most detectives are suburban commuters who do their eight-hour turn and go home, just like the rest of us." KOJAK is a PHONY.



queen's plate



And what a fine summer we all had. The beautiful bodied men once more begin to don their shirts as icy cold winter is about to make the flame of love ignited by the balmy weather. And what a shame for all those he-man wonders have to hide their lovely, darling physiques again. But we girls have found a new cruising spot. The meaty smell of masculinity is filling the gym as the men twist and grind their way to victory on the gym floor. And what a sight, all those straining muscles.

It has been a fantastic summer for hockey. Many of us girls, the more fortunate ones that is, managed to get plenty of penalties. Too bad for Lotta Brown, she only managed to score minor penalties, many of us were more fortunate and rumor has it that there were several truly MAJOR penalties. WOW. Isn't that exciting. If I could only drop all the names of those involved, but I have been sworn to secrecy, under threat of death. And what a glorious way to die, during a truly mag-naminous major penalty. There was fun - for everyone!

This summer saw a whole bunch of initiates turn out. Swing, was really the in thing. All those wholesome pink bodies blending in a melody of flesh. It looked for a while, like it would be a slow summer after all of the girls were shipped out, but necessity, the queen of invasion, came to the rescue by turning out a whole new batch. What joy. Being solid, and peeking.

Then there is the story of the man who can't make it - unless he watches first. So from game, to game, he went to watch until he worked up the spirit and started to serve a few penalties of his own. Numbers was the game this year. In some cases it seems - that there was three or four oldies to a yung un. But in another famous case this was reversed with
continued on the next page

three yung uns to one oldie but goodie. Doesn't seem fair now does it? One with so much and many with nothing. Remember the immortal words, "On the swing fling, share is the thing!" In the old days if you wanted to describe a good con, you would say that he was a "good head." The meaning seems to have changed.

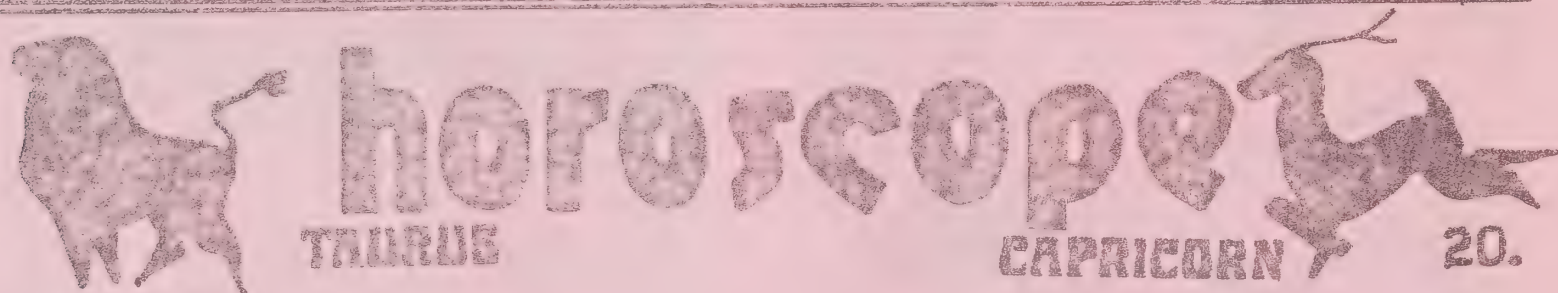
A real love affair going. Strange that the joint rag ever gets printed from the things that I have been hearing. But it does sound like fun. If only they would be a little more secrative. It is no fun at all to see someone go mooning out in the open because we can't spread vicious gossip about something everyone knows about. Takes all the fun out of it cause most of the fun, for a lot of the people is talking about it.

It's a blue blue month. And not from blowing in the wind. No pun intended. A long-time luscious resident is picking up her petticoats and leaving us. What a shame. Most of us girls will really miss the cheerful miss, but most of all,

ask her friend in the kitchen what it is going to feel like without. I mean, without her company - for those of you with dirty minds who thought that meant..... I wish her luck with her new endeavors and may many more of us live up to the bright and GAY example she has boldly maintained.

I have been informed by the committee to tell the population that the wizz-bang who is always submitting the request for flavoured douse powder - is no longer to be thought of as funny. He is asked to please sign his name in the future so that someone from the committee can help him with his problem. I wonder if that means that they want to give him a helping hand? Oh well, just a thought. But we have to give our under-cover sisters a hand. Maybe they won't flaunt it - but they are still standing up, or should I say - laying down for our rights. Remember, don't sneer..... Lots of nice people are queer....

Gloria Goedown.



What have the stars in stock for you this month. Another personal Horoscope by our famous ass-toll-a-her. Some of the planets are ascending this month - some are descending, and I wish people would stop sending our staff astrologer hate mail.

ARIES - March 21 to April 19.

Hold off on short trips. There is a lot of heat on dope this month and the man is trying to make a case. Your sign, the ram, is very active this month. For the few that don't understand what it means: if you are a female, watch out for male sheep sneaking up behind you, and if you are a male, also watch out for male sheep trying to sneak up behind you. This is a very dangerous month for you. Be careful. Someone may try to finger you.

TAURUS - April 20 to May 20.

Be aware of security. Ottawa wants to do away with all of these disturbing incidents because they keep drawing the public's attention to what is happening in jails. If you are one of us, be really on the look-out. The staff is out to get you. This is not because you have necessarily done anything wrong - they just dislike you. If you are staff, watch out also because other staff is out to get you too. Remember the old Chinese proverb about ladder climbing: it is easier to step on someone's fingers that find a wrung of your own.

GEMINI - May 21 to June 20

Don't be snoopy. Nobody likes a busy-
continued on the next page

body. In plain english, if you mind your own business people will like you better and therefore you will have more friends that you can snoop on - but be sneaky. Gemini's don't normally make good sneaks so be careful, that is why so many Gemini's get caught and thrown in jail. Remember to watch your back. People love to talk behind your back because they know how much it upsets you. No fun talking about someone if they don't get a rise out of it. If you lend money, expect someone to rip you off - it's going to be that kind of month.

CANCER - June 21 to July 22

Don't tell all you know. People don't like or respect blabbermouths. In fact, that is one way to become down-right unliked. This is a good month to start an affair. If you happen to be in prison use a little discretion. After all, most are smart enough to know that they don't

politicians. They howl to much. You think you were real sneaky - but you can quit gloating. Everybody knows what you did and they are just being polite by not talking about it when you are around so that they won't hurt your feelings. It is easy to hurt a lions feeling because most lions are too proud. This pride is seen as conceit by others.

VIRGO - August 23 to September 22

Smug and vulgar are the only terms to describe you this month. Chaste makes waste. And you have never been known to be wasteful. So much for another of those false beliefs that you like to cling to. This is a very good time for a VD check-up. Don't put it off, it could become embarrassing. I am told that those clinics are very discreet and this could save you a lot of hassle. It is hard to convince someone that you are a virgin when you are running. Good prospects for love this month, and for heavens sake,



have co-ed facilities in this country and you will leave yourself open to ridicule if people find out that you are queer. It's legal, you may scoff, but that still won't stop people from making fun of you and calling you names. Some of the names that you are called you deserve. Keep a stiff upper lip, people might even think that you are smiling for a change.

LEO - July 23 to August 22

You have had your fun. All the misdeeds of the summer past will come back to haunt you. You should have taken more precautions. Of course, discretion is not your bag. You old pussy-cat you, you like to growl and growl, let the jungle know that you are king (some say queen) and then you wonder why the hunter finds you so easy. Lions have that kind of bad habit. That is why they never make good

don't charge. It is not becoming and may lead to a runin with the morality squad.

LIBRA - September 23 to October 22

The wheel has come a full circle. Your style catches on. Other follow your example. You are the leader of the day. Beware, for tomorrow all of these followers will be back for your ass. They will find that you too make grave errors and that you have led them down the proverbial, Garden Path. They will try to maim and cripple you. It is a good time for a long trip. However, the parole board is not receptive to your plight! In case you have never realized, it is not very nice to be as unpopular as you are. And you sry, and nash your teeth and pull out your hair - but, the last laugh is on you, where is your sense of justice now?

HOROSCOPE continued....

HOROSCOPE - continued from last page
SCORPIO - October 23 to November 21

Protect valuables - whether you realize it or not, you are not the only one that steals for a living. Other have caught on and while Scorpio people make good thieves, they also make good marks. It is time for a change - a lot of people would appreciate it if you were to put on clean clothes. Be very careful about money matters. Other people are beginning to watch you closely and they will get the impression that you are stingy! Nobody likes stingy people. It is not nice to be unwanted.

SAGITTARIUS - November 22 to December 21
Lie low - the RCMP are after you. If it were spring, you might be able to tell others that they wanted you for income tax fraud or something but now there is the possibility that you will be found out for the heinous fiend that you are. Stay away from hookers - they will overcharge you and you may find yourself the carrier of a little something extra that you did not want to begin with. Find a better stash for your dope - this is the time of the ides of November. If you are wondering why you have to worry when Ceasar got a free ride until March - think because you don't have Ceasar's class.

CAPRICORN - December 22 to January 19
The moon will have a strange effect on you this month. It is unclear just what path your psychosis will take. It may be that you will become either a vampire or queer. Gay is the play. Watch out for mean looking people with knives - daggers or swords - it is possible that

they wish to harm you. Stay away from dark corners.

AQUARIUS - January 20 to February 18
You are very close to your natural element this month. Water will play a key role for you. You will find that your eyes will begin to water when you are in a smoke filled room. Others will think you a sissy for crying all the time. It is possible that you will have a wet dream. This is as close to true love as you deserve, so cherish it. Try to make new friends. This will be hard because most see you as a snob, they instinctively dislike you. Wear a life-jacket if you are near deep water, your enemies may try to drown you.

PISCES - February 19 to March 20
Obtain hints from Aquarius' message. It is time for you to quit telling lies. Others think that you are fishy. Beside, most people hate liars. This will be a month of extreme unpopularity for you. You will be found out. You are very secretive. The reason for this is that you do not like what you have become. You try to hide it from others because you think that they will not like you when they find out what you are really like. You are right. Best advice to do, is to keep hiding it. Watch out for fast moving cars. You are so nasty that not even machines can put up with you pressure. Now you know what it feels like to be truly unpopular. Let a little love into your life. Don't let your wife find out about it - she already hates you and that might be the last straw.

UNTIL NEXT ISSUE

Enhanced

BISEXUAL RENTALS

ENGLISH COUNTRY BISEXUAL for rent. In quiet, coastal village in Somerest. Fully modernized and equipped. Will provide; carfare. NYR, Box 7869

Overexposed

FUNKY BISEXUAL resembling Harold Broom for weekly or monthly rentals. Mostly for small gatherings. NYR, Box 966922

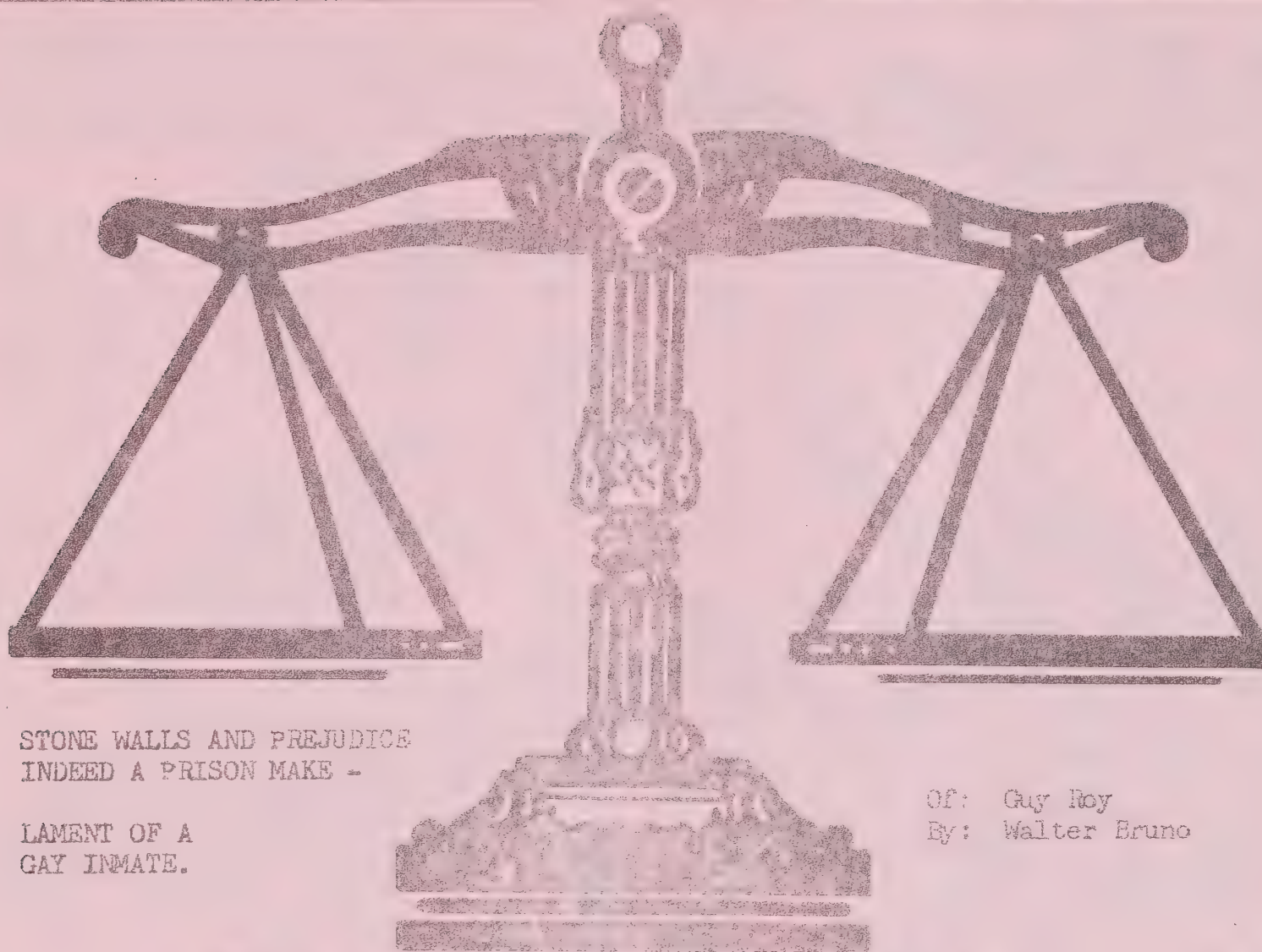
Right On

RESTORED HILLTOP HOMOSEXUAL in well-developed area, private locations, complete and appliances provided. NYR, Box - Box.#

SMILE



22.



STONE WALLS AND PREJUDICE
INDEED A PRISON MAKE -

LAMENT OF A
GAY INMATE.

Of: Guy Roy
By: Walter Bruno

Away from Hate

23.

You don't appreciate the small things until you don't have them anymore. That's how Guy Roy summed up his feelings after months of battling vindictive bureaucrats for the little freedoms we all take for granted. Guy was denied the right to make an occasional telephone call to his lover while his heterosexual fellow-inmates made three and four calls a month to their wivies and girlfriends. He was denied the right to a temporary Absence (Code 26) even though the straight guys in the prison visited their loved ones now and then. In fact, they even tried to prevent his lover from seeing him.

Guy Roy was serving two years in Leclerc federal penitentiary, outside Montreal. He's been in prison before - twice for the same offence. Guy's rap was attempted fraud - the passing of bad cheques -

was a nice thing to do to people but nearly a heinous crime.

and the penal system which is supposed to rehabilitate criminals thought it unnecessary that Guy be reunited with a man with whom he shared all the advantages of "family stability": a home, domestic responsibilities, mutual concern over each other's welfare.

Of course, that is because Guy is a Homosexual - worse yet, one who says so openly and who expects society to treat him fairly. So he told them from the beginning: I consider my relationship with Steven to be identical to that of your heterosexual marriages, and I want the same privileges that married people have.

continued on the next page

AWAY FROM HATE - continued

The prison director responded stubbornly referring to Steven as "Your Friend." Well, maybe lover is a hard word for a warden to come to grips with.

PENAL VIEW OF HOMOSEXUALITY: It all seems to point to a reluctance on the part of prison officialdom to respect gay relationships even when the homosexuals play the game by heterosexual rules. One wonders whether it is worth imitating straight marriages when they can't see beyond the genders of our partners. And it also makes you realise how abysmal is the ignorance of straights on the question of sexuality. Here we have an example of the prison authorities transferring their own morality onto the question of rehabilitating an inmate. In their own minds homosexuality is linked to "vice" - this is especially true in Quebec - and a person's homosexual lifestyle is an obstacle to leading an honest life (going straight). Thus the meeting of Guy's demand to communicate with Steven will not - further his rehabilitation.

Guy seems to have made many discoveries in prison. He learned that invoking the 1969 OMNIBUS BILL still leaves him entirely without civil rights, because the Omnibus Bill only made it "legal" to have sex with an adult in a bedroom with the door locked and no third person involved. Aside from this heady freedom, which is irrelevant to him anyway, the homosexual in prison still has to contend with the capricious and arbitrary - will of the guards and bureaucrats. Their word is LAW.

And finally Guy learned the prison mentality, while prepared to accept depersonalized quasi-homosexual behavior amongst inmates, will nevertheless refuse to admit the possibility of gay Love.

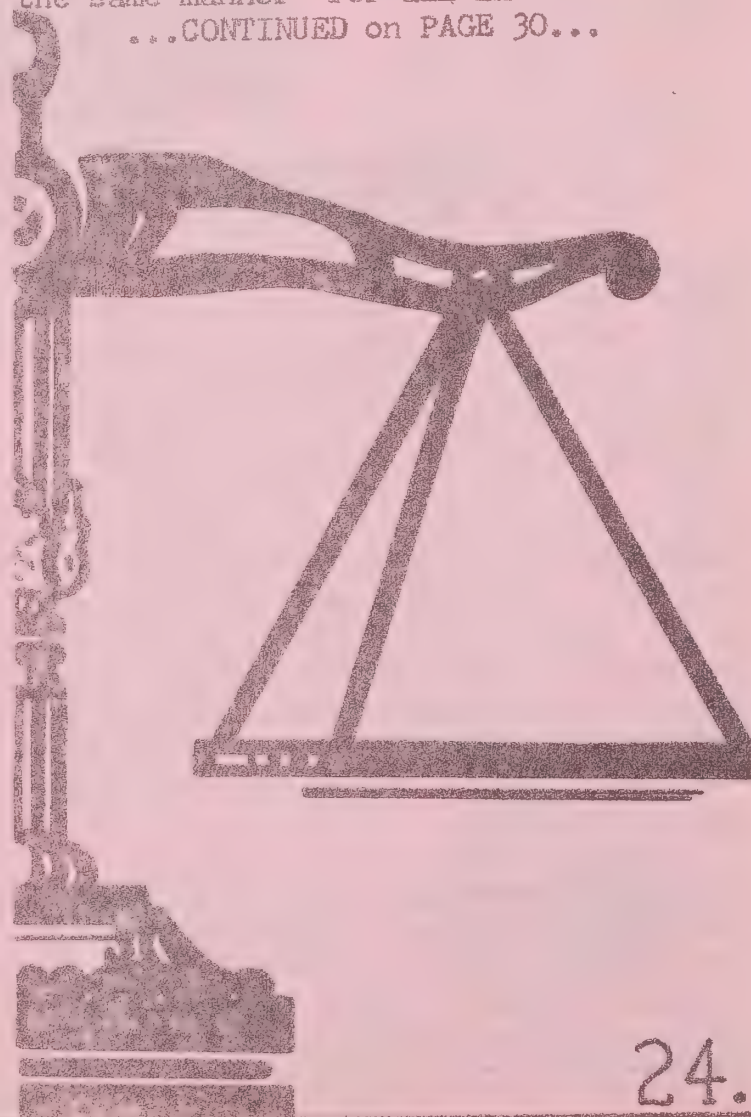
INCOMMUNICADO: Guy Roy's story begins in the Summer of 1973 at Hull prison, where he spends seven weeks before and after his trial. Here, he is allowed 3 phone calls a week, an exchange of letters and two special visits with Steven. Shortly

after sentencing in Hull, he is interviewed by an agent of the National Parole Board. He tells the Parole Board he is a homosexual.

Guy is sentenced to two years at the Federal Penitentiary in Laval, Quebec: Le-Clerc Institute. On October 7, his lover treks down from Toronto to visit him. Guy has assured him that "all the papers are in order" - authorization has been given.

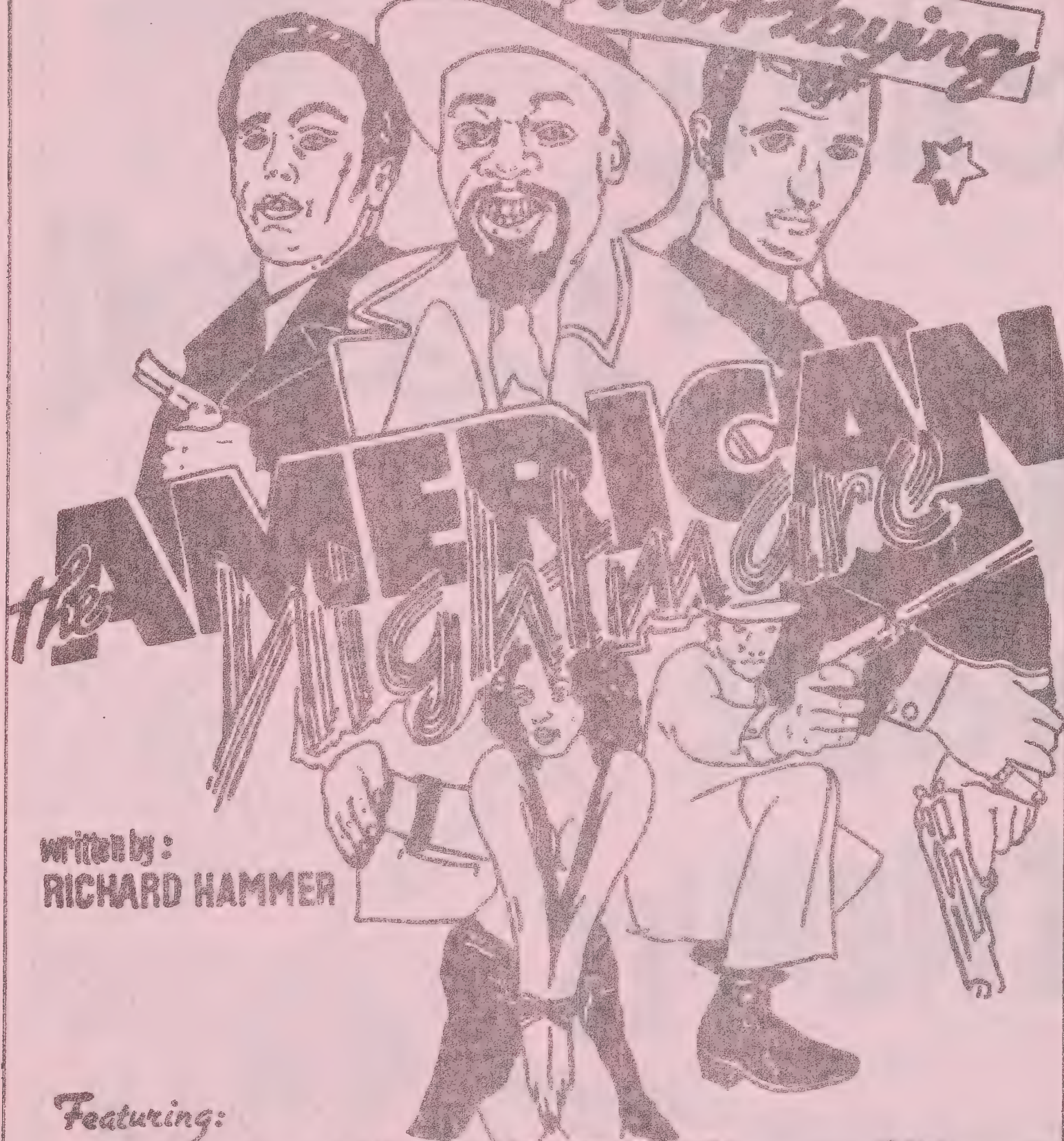
When Steven arrives at Leclerc he finds the door shut to him; no authorization, has arrived at the gate - and the gatekeeper isn't in the mood to discuss the matter. Steven asks to see the visitors card - and finds that all names but his are typewritten. His is scribbled in pencil and beside it the word homosexual is written. Seven months later, replying to Guy's grievance, the warden writes "Directives concerning phone calls, visits and correspondence are applied in the same manner for all inmates without

...CONTINUED on PAGE 30...



ORGANIZED CRIME
IN THE
80'S & 90'S

Now Playing



Written by:
RICHARD HAMMER

Featuring:

JOE

"CRAZY JOE"

"SPANISH RAYMOND"

FRANK

COLOMBO · GALLO · MARQUEZ · MATTHEWS

And A Supporting Cast of

THE NEW MINORITY NOBSTERS

25

Lead Special

The next few pages deal with some facts on the dope scene. They are not meant to encourage any person to engage in any illegal activity - we can assume no responsibility for any misuse of the information herein contained.

M. Chisholm

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES



... IT'LL DRIVE 'EM NUTS!!



REMEMBERING WOODSTOCK

The amazing Woodstock Music Festival of 1968. News of the festival contained the fact that of the half a million who attended, over 90% were smoking grass on the sight. Allowing one joint per person and 30 joints per ounce, we were able to calculate the daily consumption at the festival to be a minimum of 937 lbs. Woodstock ran for three days so we get a total of just under - hmmm - a ton and a half. Not bad for just one long weekend.

MILESTONES IN DRUG HISTORY

- 1803 - Morphine isolated from opium.
- 1840 - Opium wars begin in China as resistance develops to the British policy of encouraging addiction among Chinese.
- 1850 - Cocaine is isolated from coca.
- 1853 - The syringe comes into medical use.
- 1865 - Civil war sees the first widespread use of morphine. Addiction rates skyrocket.

- 1875 - State laws passed against smoking opium.
- 1888 - Coca Cola, a tonic drink is first sold - contains cocaine.
- 1894 - England's India Hemp Commission submits it's report on the use of grass and hashish in colonial India. Finds use not dangerous.
- 1898 - Heroin first discovered by the Bayer Company of Germany, better known for aspirin.
- 1900 - Grass smoking spreads north into the U.S. from Mexico.
- 1903 - Barbituates first synthesized.
- 1906 - Coca Cola removes cocaine from its formula and uses caffeine instead. It still uses caffeine today in the soft drink.
- 1914 - Harrison Act regulates drugs in America through Federal Bureaus.
- 1928 - Amphetamine comes into the market
- 1937 - L.S.D. made by the Swiss chemist Hoffman.
- 1949 - Communist takeover in China ends the world's largest source of raw opium.
- 1950 - Tranquilizers come into common use in North America.
- 1955 - Iran, with the world's highest rate of opium addiction, bans the production and cultivation of the poppy.
- 1961 - Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs adopted by most members of the United Nations.
- 1962 - LSD found on the street in Calif.
- 1965 - LSD use, sale, and possession become felony convictions in U.S.
- 1967 - Woodstock marks the peak of LSD use and demonstrates the widespread use of grass.
- 1972 - First experiments with lenient grass laws in some of the states.
- 1975 - California takes grass possession off the criminal code.
- 1976 - Believe it or not - Alberta court gives a man a seven year sentence for possession of grass.

THE VERY BEST THING ABOUT BEING HIGH IS
THE VIEW!

A QUESTION OF VALUES:

The man who grew the plants invested a whole growing season in making sure they matured properly: ...continued

He and the rest of his family, plus anyone else he happened to be able to recruit, spent at least two weeks preparing the final product from the raw plants.

When he delivered them to the buyer in a market in Kashmir the farmer received \$15.00 per pound for his product. The smuggler arranged to fly it to the US and received \$2500.00 for his effort.

A small scale dealer bought one ounce for \$225.00 and sold it in grams.

A computer operator in New York City had to pay \$12.00 for one gram. He took it home and set it afire. He smiled in satisfaction. He liked the fairness of the deal and the price.

"The price is high, but so am I. It's worth it!" he thought.

Good Life

The article that was to have appeared in this column was a current price list of various drugs around the country. We are unable to print it because it did not agree with censorship guidelines.



"Hurry Mr. Newsham, we are almost out of soup!"

IN TROUBLE

MAN MURDERS WOMAN SO HE COULD GO TO JAIL

A blind man who said that he wanted to be put in jail because "I don't have a safe place to stay" was charged Monday with first degree murder in the death of his landlady. Robert Crow, 53, said he strangled 63-year-old Annabelle Moore Sunday because he wanted to go to jail. "Nobody wants to help you these days," he said, "so I'd like to be incarcerated because I don't have a safe place to stay." Crow had a drinking problem for years, and records show he was admitted to the Milwaukee County Health Centre - South Division last year but was discharged after a month. He told authorities he strangled Mrs. Moore in her living room. He said he wrapped a towel around her neck and she screamed, "Robert, don't kill me. I'm your friend." Crow said he was blind since he was 12 years old because of cataracts. He said his biggest fear was that he would be let free.



START

2



A birthday cake arrives. ADVANCE ONE SQUARE.

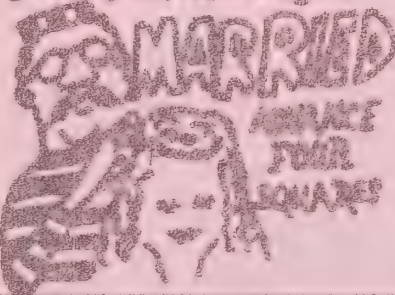
It's not your
BIRTHDAY
ADVANCE ANOTHER SQUARE

It's from the
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
ADVANCE THREE SQUARES

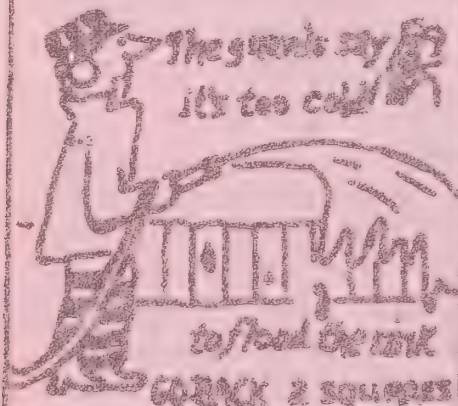
6

7

You're given leave to get



MARRIED
ADVANCE FOUR SQUARES



The guards say
it's too cold!

to feed the rick

GO BACK 2 SQUARES

11

12

13

14

15

29

ON VOYAGE

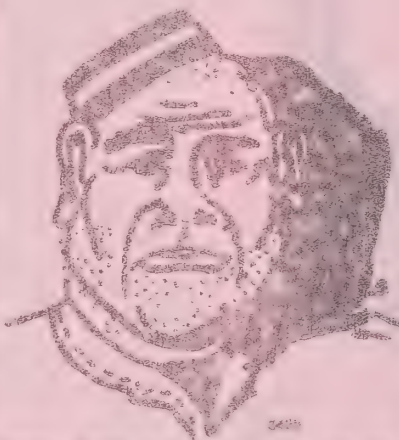


Somebody says in the House of Commons that there was absolutely no possibility of official bungling in connection with your escape. There must be a leak - you aren't escaping until next week! GO BACK 3 SQUARES.

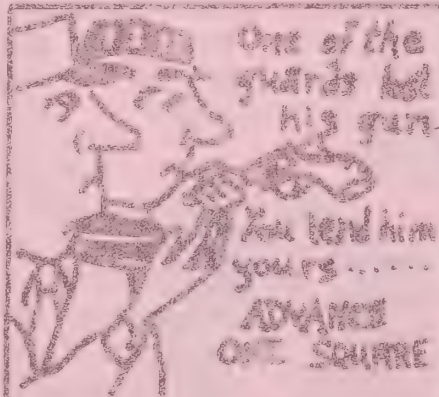
The heat, light & power
are suddenly turned
off and you find your
cell left unoccupied.
ADVANCE 2 SQUARES

OFF THE WALL

CONVICT OF THE MONTH



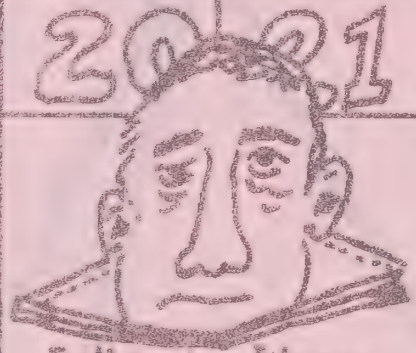
**PRISON
ESCAPE
GAME**



One of the
guards lost
his gun.

You lend him
yours.....

ADVANCE
ONE SQUARE



In the prison library
you come across the RCMP's
new list of most wanted
criminals. You're on it.
ADVANCE 4 SQUARES



You're transferred from
Solitary to minimum secur-
ity. ADVANCE 1 SQUARE

24 25

You've applied for
PAROLE
That's not the way it's
done. GO BACK 1 SQUARE

It's spring. The weather's
lovely. The guard says
you can flood the rink!

(GO DIRECTLY TO JAIL - DO NOT PASS GO - DO NOT COLLECT \$200 DOLLARS)

(HELP - I'M BEING HELD AGAINST MY WILL.)

ARGENTINA

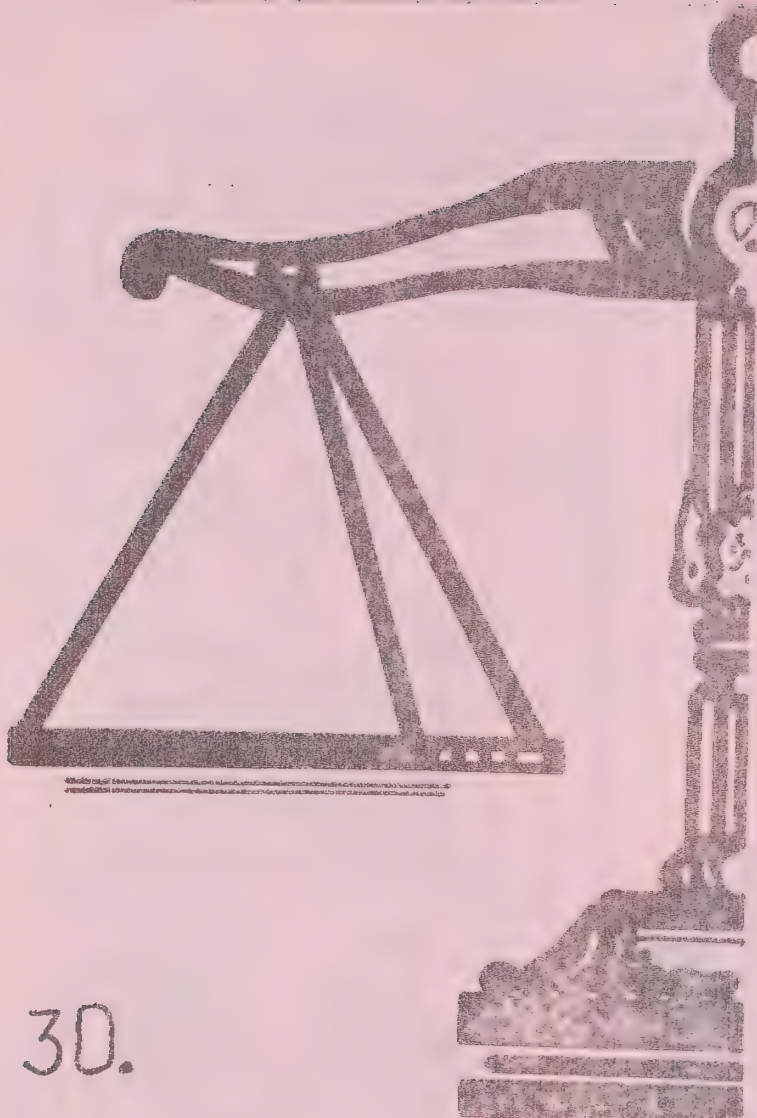
RUSSIA

CHINA

SWITZERLAND

VENEZUELA

PRINTED IN BRAZIL



30.

AWAY WITH HATE - cont. from PAGE 24
any discrimination or difference for
race, creed, or 'sexuality'.

In November Guy is permitted a phone call
to Toronto to wish his lover happy birth-
day. It is to be his last call by phone
until September of the Next Year.

Christmas comes and with it another den-
ial of telephone rights. Then in Janu-
ary their Toronto home is burgled of be-
longings worth \$4,000. Steven is dis-
traught: claims have to be made on their
joint insurance policy, proofs-of-pur-
chase found, procedures followed toget-
her. Guy has to call Steven.

Incredibly, the authorities deny permis-
sion! In fact, recalls Guy, his classi-
fication officer tells him categorically
"I have received orders from the Director
that under no circumstances am I to per-
mit you to call your friend."

TEMPORARY PASS: PERMANENT STALL - As far

back as December Guy applied for a Temp-
orary Pass to go down to Toronto to see
his lover. Nothing unusual about the req-
uest, they're granted regularly to in-
mates to "speed their integration into
the community." CODE 26 passes are gran-
ted to inmates after a "community asses-
sment" is made by officials of the Par-
ole Board. Guy's community assessment is
duly compiled - not for the purpose of-
a-CODE 26, but for the eventual consid-
eration of parole.

So for five 'long' months officials tell
Guy that they can't process his applica-
tion for a pass to Toronto until a com-
munity assessment is returned from Tor-
onto. But -the assessment they are al-
legedly waiting for is not intended for
a CODE 26, nor have they ever requested
one for that purpose. And so, completing
the circle of bureaucratic logic, they
do nothing because an assessment they
have never ordered is never received!

In April the assessment - an interview
with Steven - turns up on a desk of some-
one on the National Parole Board. Deci-
sion - Parole Denied. And while they are
endlessly telling him to "submit in writ-
ing" and going through the motions of
due process, Guy is the object of a veiled
threat.

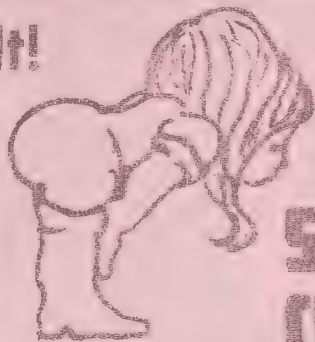
RIGHTS TRADE-OFF: He was attending Daw-
son College in Montreal on eight-hour
passes. Now the Director, replying to
Guy's original grievance, waves the eight-
-hour pass in his face - as an example
of Leclerc granting Guy Roy a "Temporary
Pass." But an eight-hour pass to attend
college is not at all a CODE 26. In fact
they have assured him that the issuance
of the one would not interfere with his
right to the other.

Later, Gavin Anderson, Project Director
of the Penitentiary studies Programme is
to write angrily: "It disturbs me now
to learn that the Director of Leclerc is
referring to the Dawson Pass in his re-
buttal to Mr. Roy's grievance concerning
his request....to visit his conjugant in
Toronto. Such reference is.....reprehen-
sible in the light of assurances given..
...by agents of the Penitentiary.

You Really Did It!

They're Pinched

Get to know



**Second-
Class Citizen**



1440
A Tough



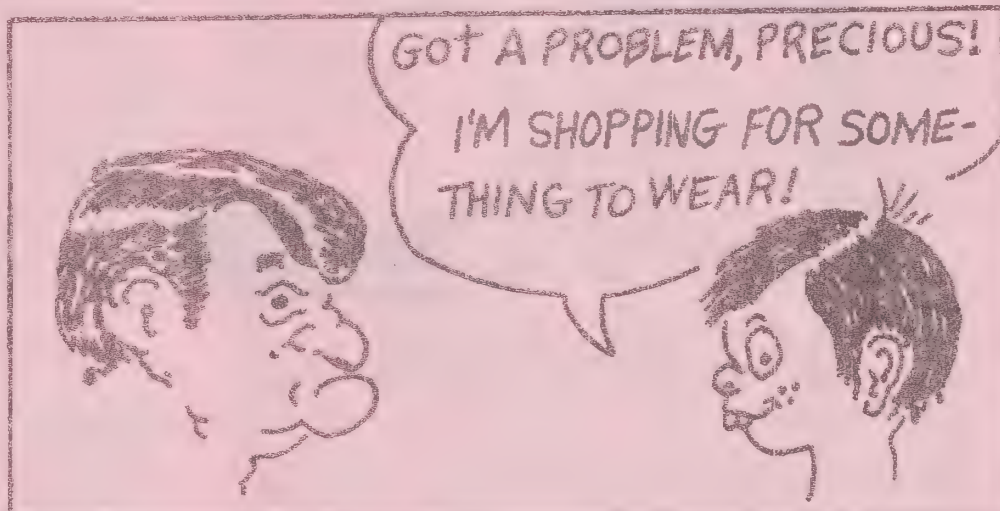
3236
The Tiger



1446
The Deacon



4923
The Sage



GOT A PROBLEM, PRECIOUS!
I'M SHOPPING FOR SOME-
THING TO WEAR!



WHAT DO YOU THINK I'D
LOOK GOOD IN?

AN OUTER
MONGOLIA-
BOUND
STAGECOACH!



BOY! MEN HAVE
THE WEIRDEST
TASTE!



CHARLIE'S FIRST CASE - from PAGE 12
blushed at the names I called her under my breath.

"No one saw from which direction the gun blasts came from?" They dummed up on me again: Charolette jiggled her ass around on the sofa and picked at the hem of a green micro-mini; Angelie stared icily into the fireplace; and Everett's main preoccupation was smoothing down his eye brows with a spit moistened finger. I hadn't been paying much attention to Uncle Ben, not really considering him a suspect, and I almost fainted when he opened his mouth. "Sir." I swallowed my excitement and forced myself to sound cool. "Yeah?" "Shouldn't I be about my duties?" I fought down the urge to shoot the old bastard in the kneecap and contented myself with a growl. "Just stay where the hell you're at."

They had me jammed. No question about it: I was up against a blank wall. All four of them admitted to being in T.C.'s room when the shots were fired, yet no one saw the actual killing or from which direction the shots came. Now, I'd done some night fighting in the Korean fiasco and sometimes all we had to shoot at were gun flashes. So, it was clear that all four were fibbing: three to cover up for the killer and the other one to save his her ass. About that time an idea crossed

my mind and I saw a chance to cut the list of suspects in half.

"You and twinkle toes are the only ones with a legitimate claim to T.C.'s bucks," I said to Angelie. The old bag was swift and headed me off at the pass. "T.C. was very fond of Charolette, wasn't he dear? The contents of the will haven't been revealed yet, but I am sure that he made some provision for her!" Charolette made an unlady-like gesture with her middle finger. "I couldn't stand the old frog." Angelie made her eyes bug and gasped in mock surprise. "You could certainly have fooled me," Everett added, putting in his two cents. Charolette looked from one to the other and stood up. "How can you say that? We all...." A cold glare from Angelie shut her up and she sat down.

Rather than simplify things the last by-play only opened up several new avenues. Charolette could have killed T.C. in the role of jilted mistress, while angelic, suspecting her husband of a tete a tete, was also a prime candidate for the hot seat. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't picture Everett as the jealous husband though; but the way things had been shaping up I didn't rule out the possibility. The only one who didn't seem to have a beef with old T.C. Wharton was Uncle Ben.

"How come you hated T.C.?" I asked Charolette, not really expecting a sensible answer. "I'm not answering any more questions," she mumbled. I figured it was time for some good old shock treatment, so I grabbed a fistful of Charolette's-red hair and jerked back hard. I laid a meaty black fist right under her nostrils. "You answer, bitch, or I'll break your nose!"

She broke. Damn if she didn't! I could not have stopped her with a muzzle. "He made me.....marry that fag so he could bring me into the house without a scandal. He said that if I wanted to stay around I had to..he said when he hollered shit.....for me to roll out like toilet paper!! The things he made me do.." I

continued on the next page

CHARLIE'S FIRST CASE - continued

felt no compassion for her even as she sobbed, not after the business she had given me. "All he did was use and abuse people," Angelie said dully. "He used me for twenty-six years, and threw me aside like a dirty rag. He deserved to die." I hadn't pinned the tail on the donkey, but indications were that Charolette was the murderess. If only someone thought her brassy but worth saving. Angelie's perception was uncanny.

I hesitated long enough to let her know that my doorbell could be rung. "If something like this got out, my business would be ruined." "Who hired you anyway, or can you tell?" I shook my head again and laughed. There was no doubt that if the old lady found out that Fatty was paying, his would be the next grave.

Angelie's smile was a picture of warmth. "Why don't we discuss it further over a drink?" I felt big. "Scotch and Soda." Angelie nodded and Uncle Ben shimmied away across the room to the half-moon bar at the other end. I moved to the fireplace and leaned my shoulder against the mantle. If I worked it right, I was at the end of the rainbow. All I had to do was wait for the pot to fill. When it did, Fatty was a sold-out piece of blubber. Before I knew it, she was glowering down the end of her skinny nose at me. "On second thought," she said, after a few more minutes hesitation, "the Wharton's are famed for making only wise investments. My husband would turn over in his grave at the thought of his hard earned money going to a fool!"

I didn't know where the bitch got her heart from all of a sudden, since I held all the aces. Too late I realized we weren't playing poker.

"I killed Mr. Wharton!"

Talk about shock - Uncle Ben was moving toward me with a .32 revolver in his quivering fist. I clawed at "Old Equalizer" instinctively, but before I could pop the button on my suitjacket, a slug

smacked into my navel. Hurting like hell I watched Angelie take the gun from Uncle Ben. With cold-eyed percision she shot me in the exact spot, making the fire in my guts twice as hot. Everet was next and he looked more masculine than Charles Atlas when the silver pistol-filled his hand. Instead of shooting me in the stomach, where it already hurt, the bad-aim bastard shot me in the shoulder. Charolette ended the "south-boy" shoot like Annie Oakley. She bent over, giving me a dying view of her heart covered panties, and aimed upside down between her legs. What marksmanship! That, bullet went right through my gawd-dam forehead.

With the desperation of a hard-to-kill shoe-shine boy, I clung to the fireplace cursing myself for my greed. I wanted to live, but the cold blanket of death had decided to tuck me in for good and beckoned me to dream land, right there on the floor of Madison Square Gardens.

About the second before my black ass touched bottom, it dawned on me - I had just solved my first case.....

THE END



LETTER FROM MAX BRAITHWAITE

I have been receiving OFF THE WALL regularly and enjoying it, and I would like to continue to receive it.

Aha. As for suggestions. I consider that the most useful purpose of your paper is to give prisoners a "market" for their writing. I can remember how hard it was to get anything published when I was beginning and what a boost it gave to see a story or article in print. So, all I can say is keep up the good work. Encourage inmates to submit poetry, sto

Encourage inmates to submit poetry, stories, articles, humor pieces, sports reports and all the rest.

As you know, many good writers have got their start while in prison and have made a good living at the trade afterwards. Encouragement is the key word for beginners. Encourage them to do more because if they do more and have critical judgement (if they haven't they'll not become writers anyway) they'll see how they can improve their stuff and do better. The important thing is to get it from under the mattress and into print. Besides, as I said before in a letter to your paper, writing is the best therapy.

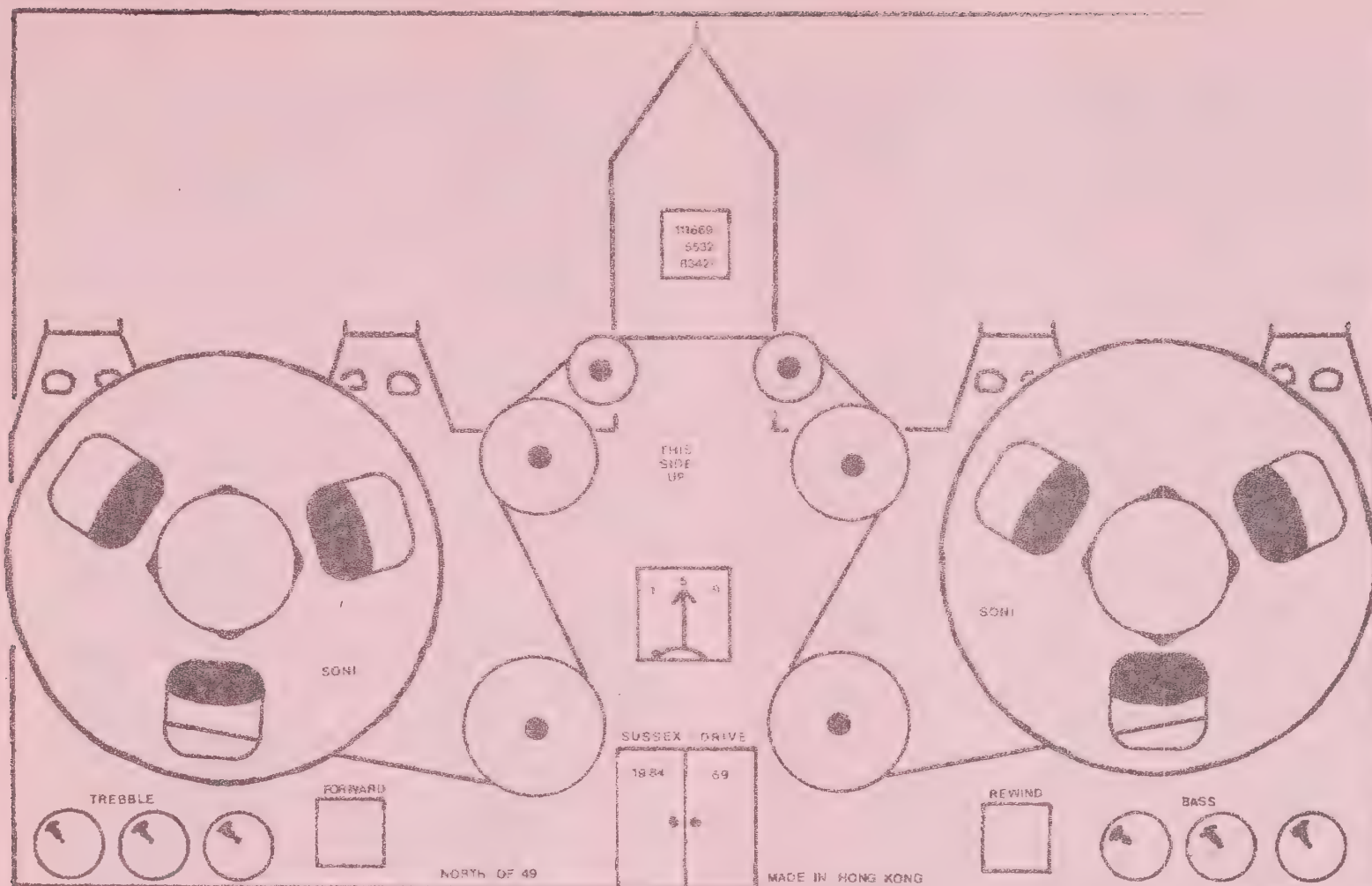
Almost any situation, no matter how shitty, can be mitigated by writing about iteither seriously or humorously or angrily or whatever. Feeling.....strong feeling.....is what produces good writing and you people have the material for strong feelings.

Fraternally,
Max Braithwaite.

IN HIS OWN

WORDS





Keep on tapin'

POLICE POWERS AND CIVIL RIGHTS BY: Peirre Burton

It is seven minutes to ten, Eastern Standard time, and the culprit has been nabbed at last. Plainclothes detectives and uniformed policemen hold him in the mandatory vice-like grip as Lieut. P Kojak, immaculate as always, removes the licorice lollypop from his mouth and utters a timeworn phrase.

"Read him his rights," says he, as we fade towards the commercial.

We are all familiar with these rights like, you have the right to make a telephone call. You have the right to remain silent in the face of police interrogation. You have the right to legal counsel. Several hundred

thousand Canadians rise from their TV sets, and head for the refrigerator, secure in the belief that if they're nabbed for drunk driving or an income tax evasion charge or on a drug rap, the Canadian Kojak's will respect those rights.

This is straight baloney. Americans have these rights; Canadians haven't. We've all been lulled into a false belief because we watch so much American television.

You're sitting in your living room smoking a joint when there comes a pounding at the door: 'Police!! Open

continued next

BUT:

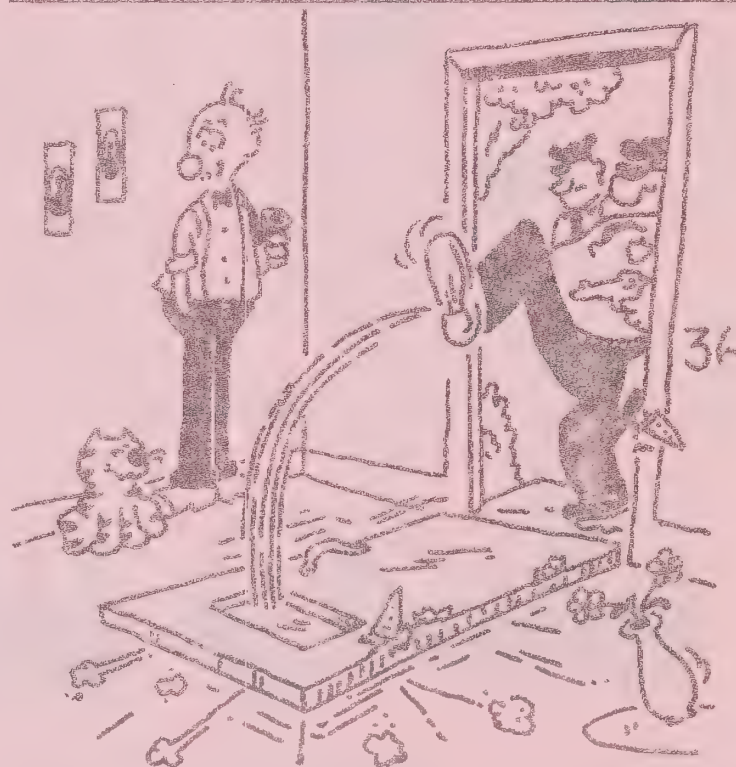
But at the station they don't follow the standard Kojak pattern. Nobody reads you any rights and so with a sly smile, you pretend not to notice the oversight. You talk cheerfully to them in the sure knowledge, gleamed from the tube, that anything you may say under these circumstances will be inadmissable in any courtroom. Wrong! Inadmissable in any American courtroom, yes; but damning evidence against you here in mountie-land.

Or maybe you have cause to suspect that your phone is being tapped. You're careful, of course, but you don't worry all that much because you know its illegal to tap your phone and evidence obtained illegally can't be used against you in court. You know that from reading TIME magazine. What you don't know, unless you're a barrack-room lawyer, is that the leads the police gather in this illegal way are generally admissable in Canada, though never in the U.S.

POWER

not, there is no doubt at all that the American mass media have again convinced large numbers of Canadians that there's very little difference between the two countries. In this case, as in others, the confusion has worked to our personal detriment.

Just to set the record straight, let's understand certain basic principles of Canadian Law and Jurisprudence: the police are under no obligation to inform you that you have the right to remain



"What have YOU don. NOW?"

silent and that you have the right to counsel. If you insist on seeing a lawyer and the police refuse to allow you to see one, any voluntary statement you make to them without a lawyer present, is still admissable in court. Evidence, even if gathered illegally, can still be admissable in a Canadian court of law. Leads gathered by police as a result of unlawful wiretapping or tape recording can be admissable in a Court of law even if the illegal recording isn't. This is directly opposite to the American practice where, under what is called "the fruit of the poisonous tree doctrine," no evidence gathered in this way can be produced at a trial.

Under the narcotics laws, certain police officers have the unqualified right to

continued on the next page

enter any premises apart from your own home without a specific search warrant if they have "reasonable cause to believe that drugs are present." And certain policemen - generally mounties - armed, only with a Queen's Writ of Assistance, can break into your home without a warrant. Ours is one of the few countries in the English-speaking world that allows such latitudes.

The writ of Assistance and the police powers under the Narcotics Act and the Food and Drug Act make a mockery of the Canadian Bill of Rights, a weak document that allegedly guarantees that the security of a person cannot be invaded without due process. In actual practice, the coincidence of being in a suspicious place can be enough to provoke a bodily search. You may be enjoying a quiet beer in a tavern in a strange town during an overnight visit, for instance, and suddenly find yourself stripped naked and subjected to a rectal examination by a uniformed stranger.

SPIRIT

WHAT CAN HAPPEN: If you think that this doesn't happen, remember the Landmark Hotel incident. Here, in the little community of Port Erie, Ontario, on the night of May 11, 1974, more than 110 customers in the bar, one-third of them women, were stripped and searched by the police who swooped down on the hotel because they suspected that some of the customers were using and selling grass. The searches were extensive. The women, for instance, were subjected to rectal and vaginal examinations. The blatancy of the police attack and the fact that scarcely any drugs were discovered caused a public uproar and a subsequent inquiry that condemned the police. But the fact remains that what they did, though reprehensible, was not strictly illegal.

Would the police have pounced if the Landmark Hotel had been the Regency Hyatt House? Anybody that believes that must believe in the tooth fairy. Take the case of a similar raid some years ear-

lier on a party of young executives in the Yorkville district of Toronto, then a hangout for young people. It wasn't grass the police were after in those days, it was demon rum.

The party wasn't much from similar parties that night in other parts of town except that it was held in one of the controversial areas of the city rather than in Forest Hill or Don Mills. Actually, the affair was breaking up when six plainclothesmen arrived, arrested 22 guests and carted them off to the Don Jail. The host was charged with that heinous Canadian crime: permitting drunkenness on the premises. The 14 men and



You kids got it too easy! I had to go roll a drunk when I wanted money to buy a switchblade.

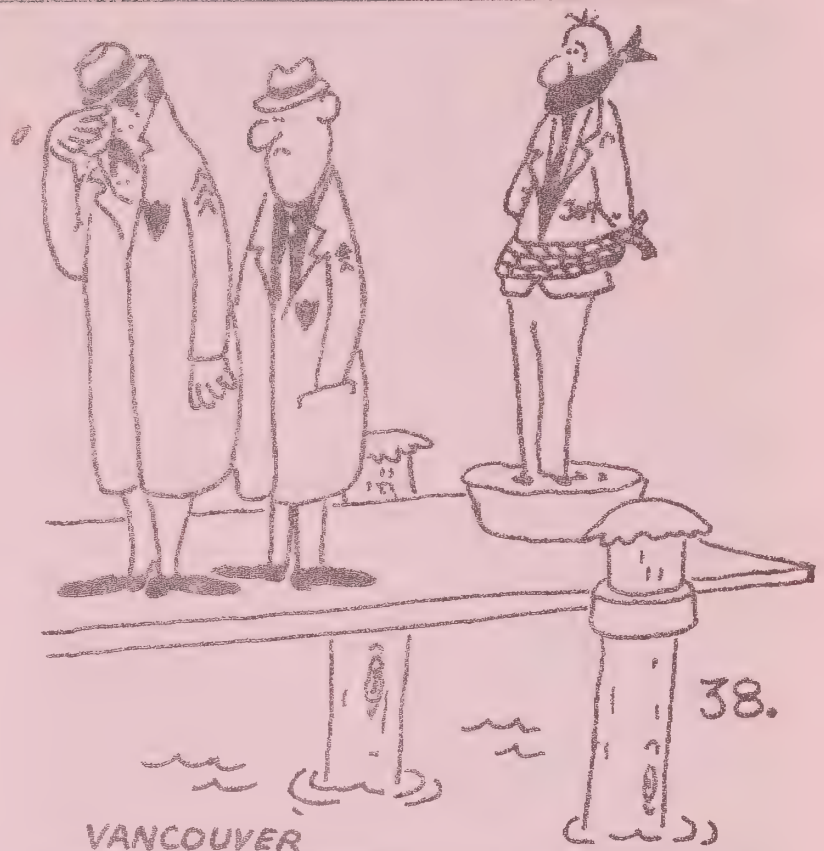
8 women were arrested as "found-ins". They were held all night in the jail without being able to make any calls to babysitters, let alone lawyers - even though several had young children at home. The women were stripped and subjected to the usual vaginal examinations and the men were stripped and doused with flea powder. At the subsequent hearings every last one of them were acquitted, but by then the damage had been done. The legal cost came to several hundred dollars and the psychological costs were incalculable. One girl lost her job over the publicity.

The members of the Toronto morality squad who made the raid referred to the group as "a bunch of beatniks" and one newspaper used that phrase. It goes a long way towards explaining the incident for if the party had occurred in one of the solid Toronto homes, had the host been a wealthy stock-broker or banker, does anybody believe that he and his guests, no matter how noisy or drunk, would have been dragged off to jail to spend the night with the usual assemblage of pimps, prostitutes, dope addicts, and petty thieves? In Canada the law works for the rich and against the poor. Our system makes that kind of discrimination easy. Especially when large numbers of people don't know what their rights are or believe they have the same rights that Americans do.

There is now a mass of evidence to support what I've just written. For the past five years, the Canadian Civil Liberties Association, through its educational trust, has been conducting surveys to find out what people know about their rights and how the police respond to those charged with an offence.

In January, 1970, the CCLA made a random study of 553 persons arrested in five major Canadian cities. The results are disturbing. Almost one-third of those who actually asked to make a phone call from jail were turned down by the police and more than two-thirds who asked to see a lawyer were denied that privilege for the first 24 hours in jail. A staggering number - almost half - didn't actually see their lawyer for three days. Most of the people arrested, two-thirds, were interrogated before they consulted a lawyer and more than half of these made statements that were incriminating.

As the CCLA later declared, in a brief to the Minister of Justice, "Even for those that managed to secure counsel, it was often too late to help. By the time of the counsel's arrival, police interrogation had already produced self-incriminating admissions from many accused people regarding charges against them. Faced with these admissions, most-pleaded guilty....."In this way, so crucial a



safeguard as the public trial became for so many a hollow ritual. For them, the effective trial was not the model envisioned by the Bill of Rights - a public hearing conducted, with the assistance of counsel, by an impartial judge. It was a private interrogation conducted by the very partial police."

SCORING THE ROUNDS

POLICE STATE METHODS: For those who believe that police efficiency is more important than impartial justice, this point of view won't have much weight, but it's well to remember that the most efficient of all forms of government isn't democracy but the police state, where confessions obtained in secret behind closed doors are the order of the day.

The CCLA has made four more surveys since and they confirm the earlier findings. In 1972, it studied a random sample of 162 persons arrested in 7 Ontario cities and found that only 11% had seen a lawyer before their pre-trial confinement. In 1973 the CCLA studied a random sample of 70 persons arrested in Toronto at night. Three-quarters were questioned

lawyer. The police also conveniently forget to tell them that an emergency legal service was available to them - right down the hall. Yet everything that they said was admissable in court.

In a fourth survey in 1974, 59 cases selected at random in Ottawa, London and Kenora, Ontario, proved that the situation had not changed. 84% were given no police advice or warnings of any kind. 22 people asked to make a phone call: only six were allowed to do so. Most of these people were questioned before consulting a lawyer and the vast majority made incriminating statements. A good many of those arrested, it must be pointed out, were indians.

Again that same year, in the fifth survey of Torontonians arrested between 5 in the afternoon and 8 in the morning, the Association found that, though 85% were subjected to police questioning, not a single one had been able to call a lawyer. So much for the educational value of the KOJAK program. Suppose YOU were arrested - on a drunk driving charge lets say. Suppose you demand to call your lawyer and the police say no. Suppose you make some damaging admissions under heavy police interrogation. Will the Judge throw out your "confession" because the police acted improperly? It is very doubtful.

John Diefenbaker has reason to know. Back in 1940 in Saskatchewan he defended Mrs. Henry Emele on a murder charge. The trial judge rejected a confession because it had been improperly secured, and acquitted the accused. But the appeal court set aside his verdict. That's what is called a precedent in legal parlance.

Thirty-one years later in Peterborough, Ontario, a man named John Wray was charged with murder. The police subjected him to hours and hours of questioning, using every trick in the book, not to mention what the courts call "duress and the proper inducement." Meanwhile Dray's lawyer was prevented from seeing him and couldn't even find out where he was being held. The judge through Wray's confession out and he was acquitted. But

the Appeal Court and the Supreme Court disagreed, overruled the Judge, denied the acquittal and ordered a new trial at which all the evidence improperly obtained was admitted.

Clinging Fast

OUR LEGACT: As Brian A. Crosman writes in his book, THE RIGHT TO COUNSEL IN CANADA, "the denial of right to counsel is not, in Canada, considered such an unfair practice or fundamental violation of an accused's rights as to result in the exclusion of evidence obtained in violation of that right."

In a recent book, HOLLYWOOD'S CANADA, I argued, with considerable evidence, that the movies made about this country by Americans have brainwashed Canadians into believing that there is no essential difference between the two nations. Actually we are quite a different people, with a different history, a different geography, and above all a different set of social values, many of which spring from a historical oddity: of the 18 major nations in the two Americas, ours is the only one that did not suffer a blood bath during violent seperation from the



"Alright Slim, Come out with you hands UP!" We got you!

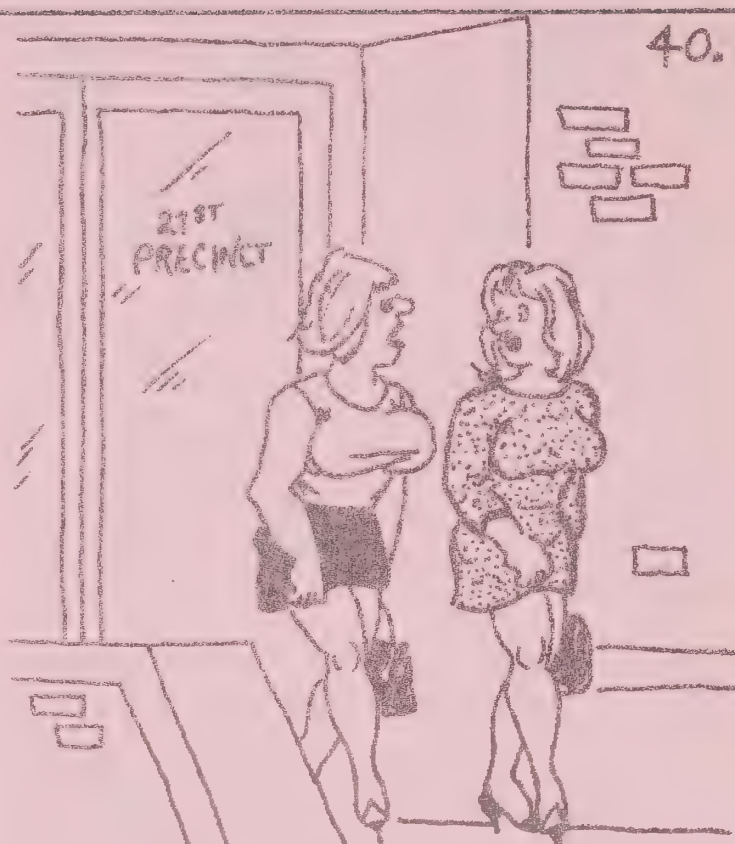
European parent and one of the very few that has not known revolution or civil war.

We abhor violence and anarchy and it is this that helps set us apart from our neighbors. It's strange that we've come to think of the United States as a law and order country because our own attitude to law and order is far more implacable than the Americans. Historically; Americans have always placed liberty ahead of order, but Canadians have tended to put order ahead of liberty. Liberty, after all, is an American word, enshrined in the document of the constitution and on the famous statue in NY harbour!!

Americans like to elect their law officers but we appoint ours. Thus the county sheriffs and town marshals of the American frontier gained their posts on the sufferance of the voters. No such grass roots philosophy clouded the thinking of John A. MacDonald when he sent the mounted police westward. The famous gunfight in the Okay Corral in Tombstone, Arizona was in a very real sense a political war with Marshal Wyatt Earp supporting one side and his political opponent, Johnny Behan, the county sheriff, aiding the other.

In the ranching and mining states of the Union, quarrels were also settled at the grass-roots level, by hastily sworn in posses, by vigilantee groups or by a single individual with a gun. In Canada, order was imposed from above by the Queen's constabulary. In California, during the gold rush of 49, came close to anarchy, the Canadian Yukon, during the gold rush of 98, came close to being a police state. The Mounties directed the great stampede like an army manoeuvre, often over the protests of the Americans who always preferred to run their own affair through the democratic device of a miner's meeting. In Alaska, men were often banished, lashed, or hanged by majority vote - not by the courts.

American grass-roots democracy enshrined a whole series of individual liberties: the right to carry a gun (and use it), to buy liquor in an open saloon, or to gam-



"Look, Brogan, our job is disguise ourselves and catch molesters. Does it really matter if makeup gave me a bigger bust than you?"

ble at faro, poker or roulette: all of these helped contribute to the wildness of the American West. We Canadians preferred a more orderly frontier, albeit a less libertarian one. This country was not forged in the crucible of rebellion and civil war and when anarchy, violence or intemperance threaten us we tend to adopt Draconian measures.

POLITICAL ASSASSINATIONS: We have suffered only two political assassinations in this country. The first was the shooting of D'Arcy McGee, one of the fathers of Confederation, in 1868. The second was the strangulation of Pierre LaPorte - and that did not take place for another 102 years. But in each case the country was thrown into a state of panic and shock. When McGee was murdered, wild rumors swept the new nation. The prime minister, John A. MacDonald, suspended the 'Habeas Corpus Act' and the authorities immediately rounded up more than 70 Irishmen in Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa. Most of these unfortunate and innocent victims were held in prison for 4 months without any charge against them

CONTINUED on PAGE 43

The book, **HUSTLERS AND CON MEN** by Jay Robert Nash is, in the cant of the swindlers, a 'short con' which the author defines in his glossary as 'any con game requiring a short amount of time and usually one that the con man settles for the amount of money that the intended victim is carrying.'

This album can't have taken much time to assemble despite the impressive bibliography which lists three or four or five hundred books and magazine articles that Nash had used in his research. He seldom bothers to assign credit to the source but instead resorts to the short-cut device of "as one reporter wrote...." And in his acknowledgements he gives thanks to so many helping hands that the reader sees a room full of busy bees clipping and pinning and glueing and turning over their produce to an extraordinary typist to whom goes the authors limitless gratitude. The prose consists mainly of the overuse of the words "flim-flam" and "scam". While it is a collection of anecdotes, their telling leaves so much to be desired that their retelling would hardly liven up the duller of parties. Some of the tales promise to be fascinating but they are disposed of in one or two paragraphs and they lack any sort of documentation.

All the same, I do warn the buyer to beware but if one happens to stray across a copy at a party and is bored, it is worth a scan. It has certain universal appeal because almost everyone is a potential victim and almost every second person has more than a little bit of larceny in their hearts.

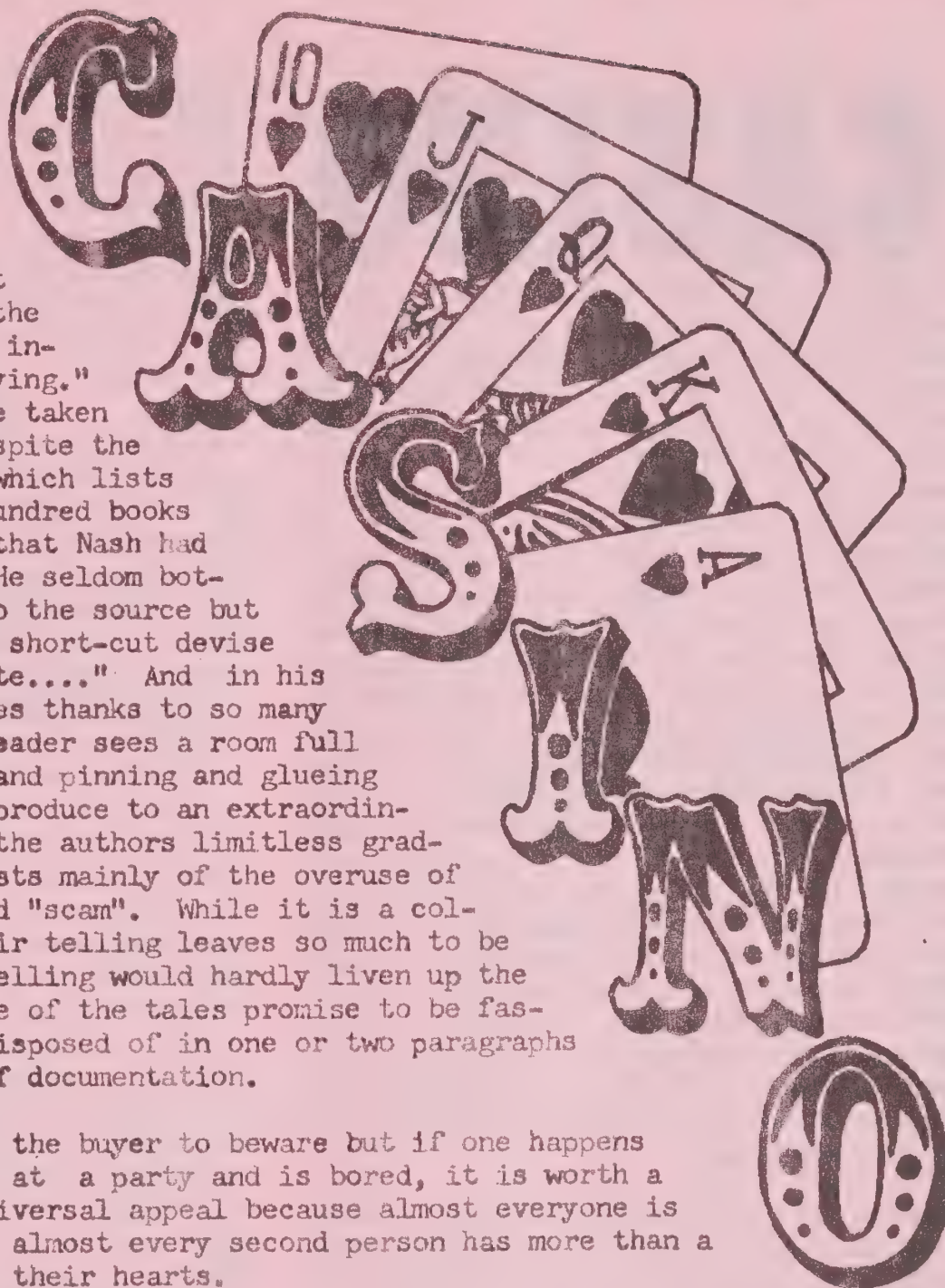
In the early part of the nineteenth century, a rascal named Daniel Drew, a chief drover of cattle from Ohio, was inspired one time to direct his men to keep the animals away from water for three days and during that time to add undue amounts of salt to their feed. Shortly before reaching the New York cattle station of

Henry Astor, the thirst-wild beeves were allowed drink their fill and enormously bloated, weighed in at remarkable figures. Drew collected his money and disappeared leaving Astor to discover the following day that he had bought a sick and very skinny herd. Just marvelous - and so the root of the term "watered stock" came into being. It would have been nice to know a little more about the practice. Was Drew the first, or was this type of stuff stock and trade of the era? We are next introduced to the Master Commodore Vanderbilt, who, master crook himself, was seduced - continued on the next page...

\$10 off
the Price of
Any Prostitute in
New York

Just present this coupon to your participating streetwalker.

Offer expires March 1, 1977



CASINO

CASINO - continued from the last page
ed into paying a prodigious sum for a ferry line intended to compete with his own. Drew's ferry line turned out to consist of one frayed paddlewheeler complete with broken paddle. Drew next teamed up with the gifted robber barons Jay Gould and Big Jim Fish. The plot, it turned out was another to separate Vanderbilt from his money. This one involved a railroad scheme. Vanderbilt had most of the stock in the competitions railway and thus promised to corner the market. This dynamic duo started to print stock and the third member of the nefarious team flooded the market with it. They got a little carried away because they were printing the stock so fast that the ink did not have time to dry 'literally' and thus the sham became known. The cloud burst one afternoon on the floor of the stock market when one of the brokers fainted after see ink on his hands. Pandemonium broke loose - and incedently Vanderbilt lost \$7 million in 15 minutes but the unlucky printers did not gain any of this profit.

A number of different types of frauds were run and one of the fields most over played was that of the patent medicine market. One still hears the claims of fast, cheap, SURE-FIRE cures for whatever happens to ail you. At best these vile looking bottles contained a liberal doese of moonshine, at worst some foul smelling brew made of every conceivable ingredient, including rusted pipes from the kitchen sink.

FARMERS have always been fair game to be taken by those fast-talking city-slicker types. There was the sure-cure pest killer available for just one thin dollar. Instructions came telling how to douse the pest ridden item with keroscene and then light with a match. Also the guarantee that if the moths and other wee be-asties did not vacate, the buyers money would gladly be refunded. Or during the

year of the great blight was marked notes on how to successfully raise beets. During those years anything that garaunteed production was sure to get bought up in a hurry. "WE KNOW HOW" Thousands of frantic farmers answered the ad and got a post card that read, "Plant your feet firmly, take tight hold of the tops and pull."

Investment schemes. If you would like to double your money within 60 days, send \$2 for our money making information. If you are not totally satisfied your money will be returned, however we are certain that you will like our ideas because we have proved that they can't fail. Two weeks later the usual post card arrives "FOLD IT IN HALF." There is surely a sucker born every minute. And occassionally one goes to jail for a while.

Some of the yuk in this book is a little hard to digest. That is to say that a few of the tales are so obviously absurd that no sucker could ever bite. But on the whole there are some genuinely believable tales to be read.

1976 will undoubtedly be the best year for the confidence men since the Mayflower landed near Plymouth Rock. The Brooklyn Bridge will probably be sold a dozen times; there will be replicas of mugs that held G. Washington's teeth for \$11.75 and possibly replicas of the teeth for \$15.00 plus tax. The games have as a whole gotten a little more sophisticated, but it is still the same old run with a few of the words changed. It has always been a wonderment to the rest of the world why it is that Americans are so fond of being conned and so very cooperative with the artful dodger.

For a general overview of what and who has been taken how up til now, this book makes fine reading, be sure to take a look at HUSTLER'S AND CONMEN if the opportunity permits. For information on how to get this book absolutely free - just send US \$2.00 and we will speed the info or to you. Answer "BORROW IT FROM THE LIBRARY."



KEEP ON
TAPIN' -

CONTINUED
FROM 40.

and without access to a lawyer. The entire country believed that the dreaded Fenians were about to invade Canada. But there was no invasion and no shred of evidence was ever produced that McGee's assassination was the work of the Fenian. It is more than possible that we hanged the wrong man for the murder.

The Fenian scare of 1868 had its parallel in the FLQ scare of 1970. Again the prime minister used a cannon to shoot at gnats. More than 400 persons were arrested in the dark of the night for a crime that wasn't a crime when they went to bed. All were denied their basic rights under the War Measures Act and all were eventually released after several weeks in prison. Only two were convicted of a crime in joining the FLQ. The act, still on the law books in spite of the government promises to change it, had nothing to do with capturing Laporte's murderers or the James Cross kidnappers.

This trampling of civil rights would be quite impossible in the U.S. First, the Bill of rights - a far more powerful document than our own - would make it impossible. But I do think it is fair to say that the American People would not stand for it even were the Bill not as it is. They have seen far more political violence than we have. Nine of their presidents have been shot or shot at.

But it has never occurred to any responsible American official to suspend Habeas Corpus or to jail people for weeks on end on mere suspicion without a charge against them or access to a lawyer.

Ours is not a country in which certain rights are inalienable. But then our constitution was not drafted by men who had been seared by the fires of revolution. We remain a monarchy. The rights we enjoy are conveyed to us at the pleasure of the crown. In modern times this has meant the pleasure of Parliament and of the queen's ministers. Our Law is the Queen's Law and not the People's Law and it is enforced by the Queen's Judges and the Queen's soldiers.

TEAM PLAYER

CHECKS AND BALANCES: In rejecting - the monarchy, the men who framed the American constitution devised a 3 cornered system of checks and balances: executive congress and judiciary. This explains, why the U.S. Supreme Court could reverse itself on the matter of school intergration. Under our system the laws are not made by the courts. This helps to explain why Dr. Henry Morgentaler, acquitted by two juries, was still sent to prison. The higher court overruled the jury because it was inconsistent with our system for a jury of the people to make the law. That remains the traditional right of the crown.

And so after this diversion through history and politics, we return to KOJAK and the matter of civil rights. Are the American KOJAKS handicapped because they cannot bully a prisoner into a confession before the lawyers arrive? In our Canadian zeal for order and efficiency at any price are we really making it easier for our policemen to do their job? By forgetting all these annoying little privileges the civil libertarians insist upon, and get, are we making it simpler to catch the criminals?

There's a good deal of evidence to the contrary. In Scotland, for example the police can not by law question anyone.

and if they do, the evidence so obtained is thrown out of court. Yet the arrest and conviction rate in Scotland and Canada are almost identical. Since the famous case of Miranda vs. Arizona in 1966, the U.S. Supreme Court has put somewhat similar brakes on American Policemen, as every T.V. viewer knows. Certainly this has produced a decline in the confession rate, but oddly, the conviction rate remains the same.

POLICE EFFICIENCY: Some law enforcement authorities have come to the conclusion that when the police have less recourse to oldfashioned interrogation techniques they are much more likely to improve the quality of their professional competence. Why? Because it no longer allows them to be lazy. A former LA district attorney, E. Younger, put it this way not long after the Miranda decision:

"It begins to appear that many of these seemingly restrictive decisions are going to contribute directly to a more effective, efficient and professional level of law enforcement."

Ramsay Clark, President Johnson's attorney-general, felt that the Miranda decision could help the police. "It will force professionalism," he said. "No longer permitted to sit around the station house, asking endless questions, police will be compelled to use scientific methods of crime resolution."

This view is held also by many legal authorities in Canada. In 1969, the Canadian Committee on Corrections remarked that too much reliance on questioning might "actually be detrimental to law enforcement by removing the incentive to develop more imaginative and effective investigation techniques."

Nobody has yet acted, however, on this advice. Nor has there been much of a public outcry in Canada, partly because American T.V. and movies make us believe we have nothing to worry about and partly because the same visual media subliminally applaud the efficiency of the confession. The easiest way to end a one-hour television crime drama is to have the villain confess to his crimes. It

saves a lot of messy court cases and time-consuming explanations.

We remain, then, a law and order country and are known internationally as a law and order country. To quote the Harvard Law Review "there is little question the police in Canada are less restricted than in many common law countries."

Remember the next time you watch Hawaiian Eye or Police Story or The Streets of San Francisco or any of the other crime dramas on television. The cop who arrests you may indeed be a skinhead, but he's not KOJAK and the chances are he'll do his best to make you sing long before you get permission to phone your lawyer.

FAILED

One Saturday afternoon, a man's wife, came home from a lingerie shop with a pair of frilly imported \$20 panties. She explained it by saying, "After all, dear you wouldn't expect to find top-quality perfume in a cheap bottle, would you?"

"No," snapped her husband, "and I would not expect to find gift wrapping around a dead beaver, either!"

The Luck of the Irish

I have to take every precaution to avoid pregnancy," confided the woman over the back fence.

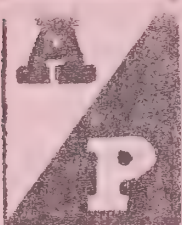
"But hasn't your husband just had a vasectomy?" asked her neighbour.

"Yes, and that's why I have to take every precaution!"



**PREVENT
CRIME**

**HIRE AN
EX-CON**



THE AGONY OF:



THE AGONY OF:

Duck feet and ruler toes
hemroids cutting into social time
zits
being punched out in a bowling shirt
a jammed beach....swamp gas
sheep dip.....onion dip
upside down fish in the tank
your neighbor is going to a mental asylum
German plasterer's with bad breath
dentu-cream - corn on the cob
mothers little helpers
the Prince Albert post office
breaking into boxcars and finding watermelons
Polish jokes * prunes on the line
lobotomies, buffalo Bill
buffalo bone.....the pain of seborea
"those unsightly warts" small lats
falling into the tar pit
BUG JUICE post mortems
cold duck vs. dead duck
hot cakes.....urinal cakes
"being negative"
screaming yellow zonkers in your nose
"a platonic love affair...."
wishing you were a sweathog again
prairie oysters is a dream
Josephine, the plumber
saving tin foil for a wheel chair
Saskatchewan windburn
frenched sheets
yellow snow.....a spine tingler
"being kicked in the knackers"
being cool...interviews with magpies
KOJAK
"the chef's special"
mennen speed stick
laughing at your own jokes
guppies.....sabotaged shoe laces
the BUMB.....cement overshoes
receiving letters from Joseph Goebells
losing \$100.00 to Alice
dinosaurs.....no MO-Jo
having your release suit made in the CARPENTER SHOP



Y.M.C.A. was used to house the guys initially.

Secondly. "Murder", by Darryl Davies of Saskatoon, was mistaken in stating that "Mandatory minimum prison sentences of 10 years, without eligibility for parole are being considered for persons convicted of second degree murder." This has been the case for the last five years, and the judge/jury set have been, for at least two years, empowered to set life sentences for second-degree murder at between ten and twenties years.

Greg Scott, Cub Reporter - COMMUNICATOR

Pays the Piper

There are always those that ask, what is it all about? For those who need to ask, for those who need points sharply made, who need to know where it is at, this:

"The mass of men serve the state not as men mainly, but as machines, with their bodies. They are the standing army, and the militia, jailors, constables, posse comitatus, etc. In most cases there is no free exercise whatever of judgement or of the moral sense; but they put themselves on a level with wood and earth and stones; and wooden men can perhaps be manufactured that will serve the purpose as well. Such command no more respect than men of straw or a lump of dirt. They have the same sort of worth only as dogs and horses. Yet such as these even are commonly esteemed good citizens. Others - as most legislators, politicians, lawyers, ministers, and office holders - serve the state chiefly with their heads and, as they rarely make any moral distinctions, they are likely to serve the Devil, without intending it, as God. A very few, as heroes, patriots, martyrs - serve the state with their consciences also, and so necessarily resist it for the most part; and they are commonly treated as enemies by it."

Submitted by:
Joe McManus

Henry David Thoreau
Civil Disobedience.

TRACTION!

CORRECTION TO CON ACT - FROM AUGUST WALL

A recent letter carried by the big silver bird all the way from the Guys that put together the COMMUNICATOR, in the joint (Medium) at Springhill, Nova Scotia, has pointed out an error in the last issue of OFF THE WALL.

"Firstly, in your quotes from the Social Developer, you mention Con Act. The facts on the Con Act scene are as follows:

1. Initiation of the program in Springhill in September, 1974.

2. Institution had nothing to do with the program, except on a work shift, TLA or day parole status, and much of the staff was openly hostile to the program and instructor, Stephan Regina Thon.

3. Eight of the ten workshop members were day-paroled to Halifax in late June 1975, and all except one now on full parole or past expiry date. None are living at half-way houses now, although the

OFF THE WALL

GREATEST

1974

1975

1976

At-Home Entertainment

SPORTS

MARATHON

SPORTS DAY

A LOOK BACK AT THE GAME

BOXING

CAN SPORTS SURVIVE

FOOTBALL

UNFORGETTABLE

MY PRESS-BOX MEMOIRS



You'll never
know how
good you
can do
until
you do it.

**A PROFILE
OF A CHAMPION**

HERO

GALLERY OF SPORTS

PROFILE

REMEMBERING 47

Labor Day Weekend.

Well, not everything went wrong this year. The labour day sports event came off pretty well, all things considered. For the good points: the weather held up and we were treated to a shiny day, which is rather of a rarity around these parts. Further, there was a lot more activity this time than on July 1. Of course, July 1 was not too hard to beat because there was nothing happening.

Several complaints were logged. One of the major complaints centred around the fact that the guys were able to enter only one type of event. It was felt that it would have been much better were a guy able to enter as many events as he chose because then we would have been able to award the Traditional Sportsman of the Day Trophy.

Even considering the drawbacks, participation was fairly high. Here is a list of the events (grouped into categories by the prizes).

Track & Field: 100 Yard Dash, 440 and 1 Mile all rated 36 coke for first, with 21 coke going for second and 15 for 3rd.

On the Tournament level there was play in Golf, Horseshoes, and Handball with 24-18-10 coke going for 1st. 2nd. & 3rd.

Some pickup events to lay-off extra cokes that had been bought were the 800 meter print, a ball throw, and baserunning. Each of which earned 12-6-6 in prizes.

Off and Running

THE WINNERS CIRCLE

1 Mile Run

Vincent 4.20 min.
Pewan 5.00 min.
Callous 5.20 min.

800 Meter

Vincent 2.10 min.
Harnelin 2.20 min.
Anaskan 2.24 min.

100 Yard Dash

Dummias 11.0 sec.
Ryan 11.8 sec.
Cote E. 12.1 sec.

440 Yard Sprint

Hassays 1.15 min.
Shannon 1.20 min.
Cote E. 1.21 min.

Golf Tourney

1 st. Kitchemonia
2 nd. Traynor
3 rd. Stonechild
and Papaquash

Handball - Singles

1 st. Desjarlais
2 nd. Elaschuck
3 rd. P. Krilow

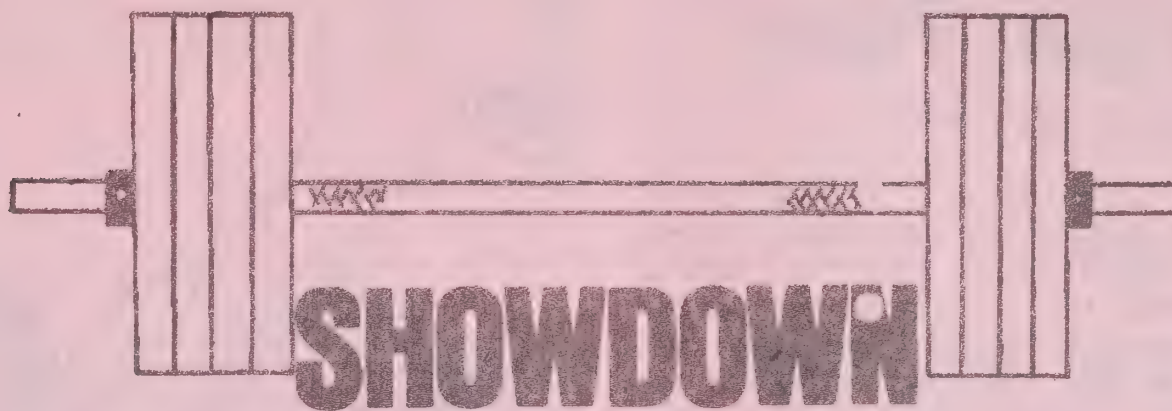
Handball - Doubles

1 st. Krilow & Desjarlais
2 nd. Elaschuck & Armsden
3 rd. Kronki & Donaldson

Horseshoes

1 st. Janvier
2 nd. Pewan
3 rd. Nahbixie





MAKES GOOD

This year weight lifting was very impressive. Not so much because of the actual weight lifted but it seems that Olympic-feaver grips all those that watched. For the first time an element of showmanship was introduced. Seems that something was learned from watching the heavy-duty Russia style. Nor does that detract from the colossal effort.

The competition was also improved because of the GENEROUS gift by Mr. Jim O'Sullivan, our Director, who donated a whole slew of extremely attractive medals as prizes for the competition. The medals were appreciated much more than the usual award of cokes and chonies because they endure long after the stomach has consumed goodies. OFF THE WALL would like to express our thanks, and the very hardy thanks from all of the competitors to the Director for the medal presentation.

There were 3 categories of lifters. 1st. Lightweight, for those under 150 pounds. Middleweight, for those over 150 but below 175 pounds, and the Heavyweight for all of the big fellows over 175 pounds. The competition consisted of three different

The competition consisted of three different lifts: the Bench Press, the Squat and the Dead lift. Each competitor had the option of making three lifts of each category (the best lift counting). More weight could be added each trial but

once a certain weight had been tried, a lighter weight could not be substituted.

NAME	BODYWEIGHT	BENCH	SQ.	DEAD	TOTAL
------	------------	-------	-----	------	-------

LIGHT WEIGHT

H. Gauimond(148)	217	315	372	904
N. Denholm (146)	160	221	328	709

MIDDLE WEIGHT

M. Sartor (164)	259	308	453	1025
G. Ashick (174)	265	225	387	877
P. Smith (154)	224	225	---	449

HEAVY WEIGHT

S. Wellard (184)	278	321	480	1079
B. McKeown (190)	265	311	480	1013
L. Rauzault(251)	259	---	438	697



Triple Play

TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP 76/77

The Tennis Championship in Singles and Doubles was decided in September. Three years ago there were some fine tennis players around but nothing in the way of prizes. Last year George Bernier got the committee to buy two trophies which can be seen in the trophy case in the dome. Whoever wins the yearly play-off has his name engraved upon one of the plaques on the trophy. This may seem a small reward to some but to the tennis players in the institution it is something worth striving for.

The singles tournament was taken by Max Arnott. In doing so he defeated the top class players in the joint. He won sets against Alvin Norton, Rick Lepretre, and Henry Wercimaga. Second, went to Alvin Norton who played for the first time this year. In reaching second he defeated Reggie PrairieChicken, Sam Wood, and Henry Wercimaga but unfortunately he was unable to get by Max Arnott and was defeated 5 - 11. Third went to Henry Wercimaga who played and defeated Howie McInroy, Reggie Prairie Chicken, and Rick Lepretre but he could not get past Alvin Norton who defeated him 11-8 and Max Arnott who got him 11-9.

The doubles championship was won by Alvin Norton and Alfie Racette. They defeated the lackluster team of Max Arnott and Henry Wercimaga 11-5. This was considered the upset of the tournament as the Arnott-Wercimaga team were certainly the favorites to win. The only other team that had an outside chance of winning was the team of Howie McInroy and Sam Wood but they were ousted by Max Arnott and Henry Wercimaga.

Thus, the season ended with Max Arnott taking over for last years champion George Bernier who is back east now and was not able to defend his title. Even though it is said that before George left Max and him had one last personal game with Max taking two sets from him by the sco-



50.

res of 8-7 & 10-8. Alvin Norton and Alfie Racette take over from last years champions Kingsley Baker and Max Arnott. Kingsley was not here this year to steady the Winnipeg Team but is undoubtedly raising cane out at B.C.P.

UP FRONT

5 DECIDE PRISON GOOD PLACE TO DIE

The prisoner, 82, shuffled into the room and almost in a whisper told the Oklahoma pardon and parole board: "No man wants to die on prison hill."

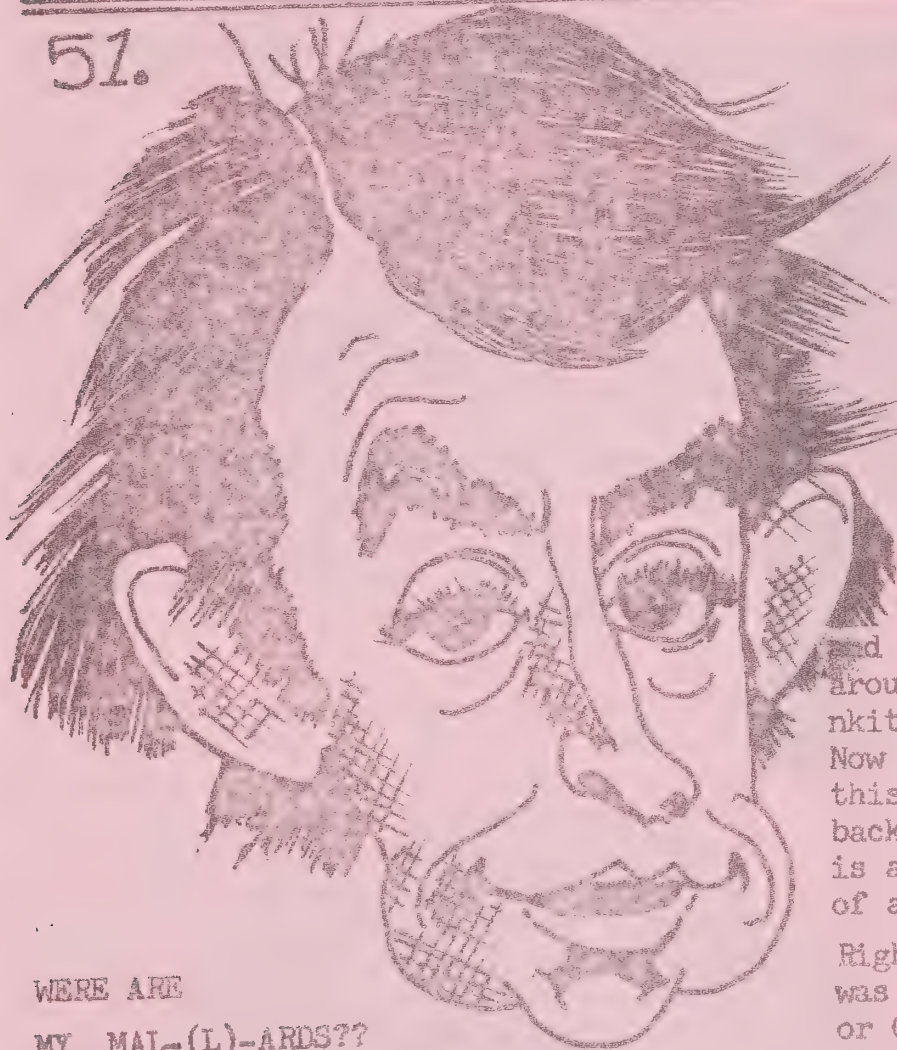
But Ardell Mesles probably will. The board once again voted against recommending clemency for Mesles, serving life for the 1917 killing of his partner during an argument over \$3 from the sale of apples. Mesles, the oldest convict in the state's prison system has fouled

up chances for freedom in the past. He was paroled 3 times during the last 59 years. One chance lasted 8 days in 1947.

His last parole lasted from the summer of 1972 until September 1974, when he was sent to a nursing home. But the home

complained of his sexual escapades and he was sent back to prison. "I am not a mean man, but I want everyone to treat me good," Measley told the Board. Even though his counsellor found another home that would accept him, the board voted 5 to 1 against releasing him.

51.



WHERE ARE MY mallards

WHERE ARE

MY MAL-(L)-ARDS??

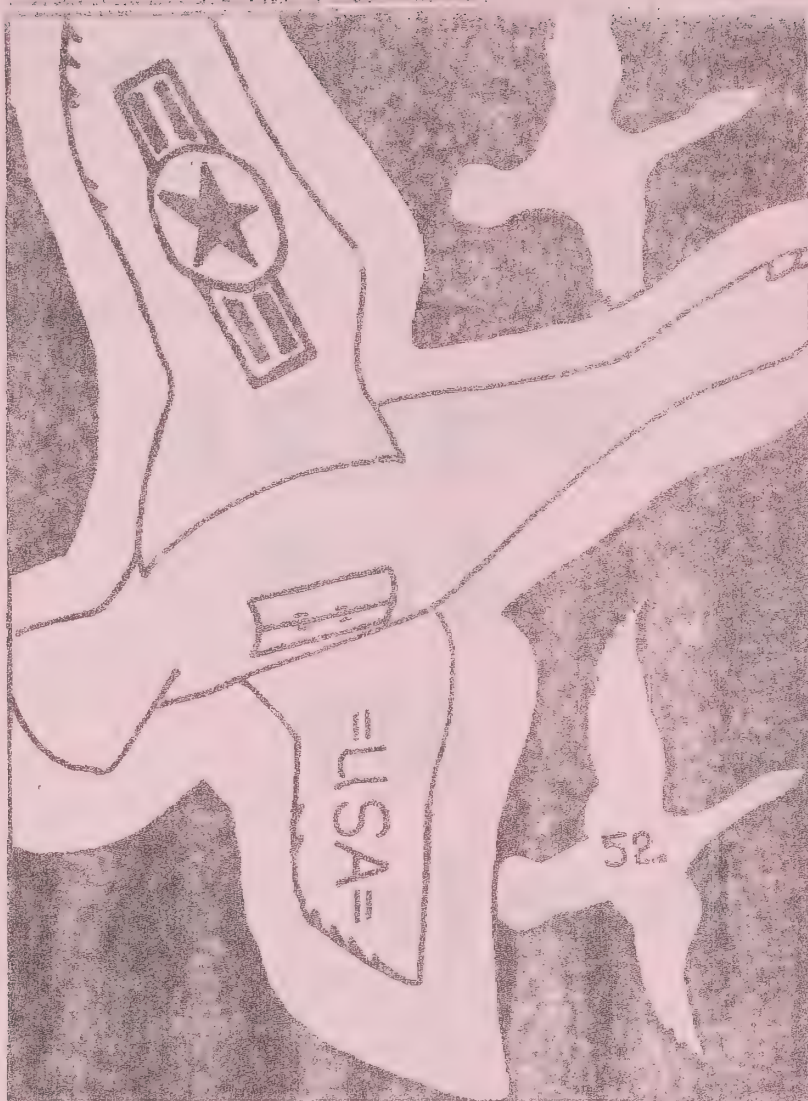
At one time I use to work for the CIA? Well I know everyone does these days but back in '55 it was different, you see I was in the big one, W.W.II and was privy to a lot of info. For one thing I can keep my mouth shut, even under torture! One of my balls was pulled out by the Japs at Guadacanal, but thats another story.

You see I had this slack job working as a 'Fish and Game Warden' in Northern Canada, so one afternoon I go out to plug a few ducks and stuff. Now I spot this mallard coming in real low, like....so I jump up and let him have it. I never miss!! Well, nailed as he was he didn't move down, but starts flying on one wing

and makes buzzing noises. I follow him around the lake and finally he goes clankity-clankity and crashes into a tree. Now I get up real close, and I see that this ain't at all 'normal'. When I pull back all the feathers and crap, his guts is all tubes and stuff like the insides of a radio or something.

Right then and there I knew that this was some sort of Spy Duck for the Ruskys or Cooks sent over because these Commies even had walking trees. Laugh Pal. They put these trees ashore in Tiauan, Mexico and it seems they walked all the way to Washington. I mean, who looks at a gawd damn tree. Anyway, there they were taking pictures and stuff, and one day Ike himself is taking his dog for a walk when he pisses on one of the trees. The tree shorts out. Now don't get me wrong the dog took the piss.

So with that in mind I take the Duck home and phoned my old Army Captain who is now big business in the pentagon. I tell you, it didn't take long for the helicopters and CIA men to arrive. These guys don't mess around. Well, they got to be on the ball with those gauldarn Commies ready to slit our throats given



just half a second. Two big guys grab me and this little manna with those mirror sunglasses like the Greek pimps and bigshots wear starts firing questions at me a mile a minute. Stuff like: who won the world series in '56, what is a rubber, and how long does it take to eat a Cuban Lunch. When I told them I liked Baby Ruth's instead, though, everything was hunky-dorie. This little guy (who turns out to be Allen Dulles himself), fills me in on the dope. I had the inside track alright. Those ducks were Atomic powered Mallards direct from Washington. Now they fly so low and fast they beat the radar beams and have lazar beams and de-icers. They shoot down Hawks, owls and anything else that gets in their way. Son of a- So I ask my friends how I can help, and I'll crap if Dulles doesn't tell me that they are programmed to land on my lake!! They need water as they got some kind of radiator in their feet. I shouldn't actually tell you this but Dulles tells me, that they have air-cooled magpies that are a lot better.

Anyway, my job, as it turns out, was to bring these jaspers down by jamming the guidance systems with this gadget Dulles gives me. Now, this thing looks like a T.V. painted black with a hoola-hoop on top. To make a long story short they left and all I had to do was put this machine down in the bull rushes by the lake, and everyday pick up the Mallards, open their heads with a screwdriver and switch film, with some that Dulles gave me, and bye-bye Duck.

When it gets back to the Ruskies they can all sit back and watch reruns of old Tom Mix movies. Incidentally, he was a-raving-faggot anyway, the palooka, so who gives a ---. Soon Dulles says to me, "to save time Joe, send the Ruskies film to us in supersonic magpies," and with that he hands me, you guessed it, another box with hoops and all. Christ!! Now I had two sperate parts of devices and not only that I had to make seperate parts of the lake to stop our birds from fraternizing with the enemys. That was ten years ago.

Now, its like Grand Central Station here now. Not only do I have to bring in theirs and send back ours, but I have to send them to Russia, China and every other damn place. Plus - these birds ain't what they use to be, they are now complicated as hell, and one of them actually started talking to me. No lie!! All in all about 2000 birds a day from all nations land here and if that ain't enough the bastards have switched to metric 'nuts and bolts'! Ask Washington for an Atomic Bomb, you get no trouble. But do you think that I can get metric wrenches for these little babies. And Dulles, who is still alive, up and phones me this morning and asks me about six mallards that have turned up missing. As if I didn't have enough troubles. He reassured me though, things will be a little easier for he is sending up 200 surveillance jackfish for the lake. The babies can do 160 mph in the water and make the antiquated damn piranhas look like guppies. So, now you know. So long pal, gotta go!! Some kind of bird called the Albatross is coming in from Norway. Just where in the hell is that anyway?

There are two ways to buy.

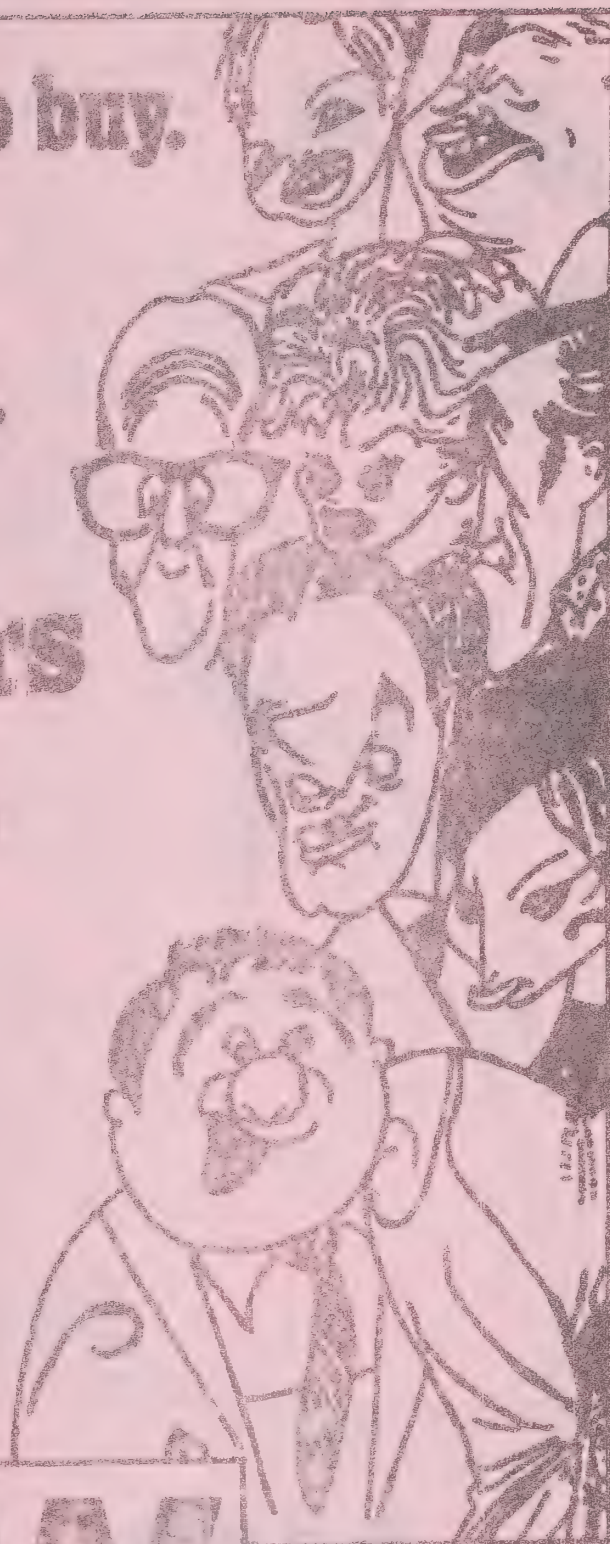
Trust your luck.

Or trust the facts.

LEISURE SPORTS

**SOUTH HILL
MALL**

**GREAT
CHRISTMAS
POSSIBILITIES**



**United We
move**

We guarantee it!





NO TRIAL

A complaint that some Ontario Supreme Court Justices hearing murder trials in Kenora ordered defence lawyers to speed things up by having their clients plead guilty to manslaughter is being investi-

gated by Attorney-General Roy McMurtry.

Kenora lawyer Leonard Compton raised the issue Tuesday, during a discussion of professional ethics, at the Canadian Bar Association's annual meeting in Winnipeg. Discussions were surrounding the issues involved in plea bargaining when Mr. Compton interjected. He said Toronto-based judges have made it clear at the beginning of a trial in Kenora they wanted to get home fast. Orders, for guilty pleas are common "when you get out in the sticks," he said.

Mr. McMurtry said he would raise the issue with Ontario Chief Justice Willard Estey, who is attending the convention. He was not present to hear Mr. Compton's remarks. The attorney-general described the allegations as serious but suggested that they may be exaggerated. Mr. McMurtry told the meeting there is a lot of misunderstanding about the role that plea bargaining plays, in the legal process. He attacked those that crusade against plea bargaining and said, "they don't know what they are talking about."

He said that he encourages plea bargaining but that he doesn't like the term itself because it leads to misunderstanding. He preferred to call it plea negotiation. Calgary lawyer Milt Harradence said that plea bargaining is a fact of life and a good thing. An open and frank discussion between lawyers is good and is it even acceptable for the Judge to be included as long as he does not become part of the actual negotiations.

The lawyers also debated the merits of delay tactics as part of legal strategy. Regina based Morris Schumiatcher said he felt that delay tactics, such as requesting repeated adjournments of a case, are just part of the legal system.

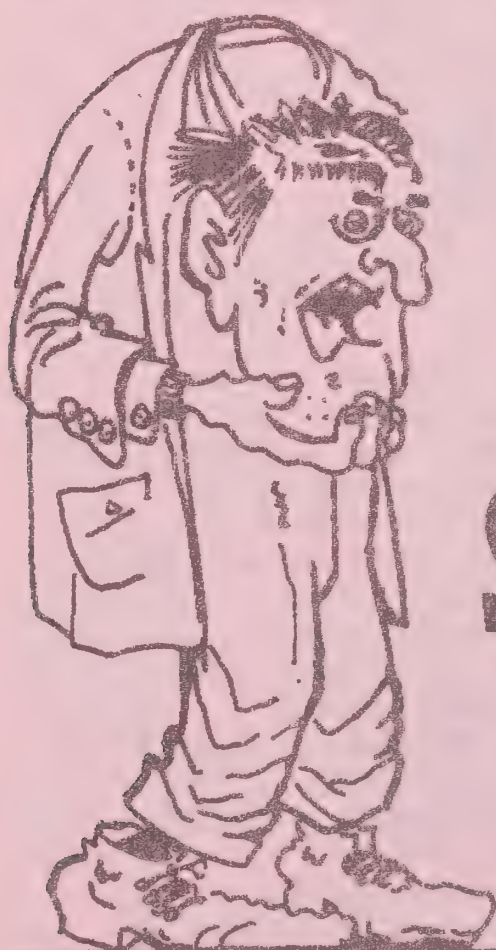
McMurtry said that there is a point when such tactics bring the law into disrepute. He said that in Ontario the court system has become so clogged with a backlog of built up cases that adjournments are not necessary - and that there are unnecessarily long delays for those who

....continued on the next page

are trying to maintain speedy process. He said that time is nothing to many lawyers and it may be necessary to bring in Draconian measures to speed things up to an acceptable level.

Another question was raised about the acceptability of a lawyer calling a judge about a case that the judge is hearing. Most lawyers felt that this measure may only be resorted to in cases of extreme emergency. It was also pointed out that there is growing resentment in Ontario to the cost of legal aid. It was pointed out that a drug case involving a dozen defendants would cost the legal aid society \$1 million in Ontario. If the number of this type of case continues to grow, it may become necessary to appoint lawyers (on salary with the government) rather than allow the present system of defendants choosing their own, to continue.

McMurtry said that some provinces are in the process or are planning to cut back on legal services while the Law Societies are fighting these proposals for public defenders.



Stress

STRESS

Have things been going rough? Are you beginning to feel that you can no longer handle it? The old saying that things could always get worse is followed by Parkinsons Law - if they could get worse - (rest assured) they will.

Some wise psychologists - those funny people with white coats and clip boards, made up a chart on stress. They have assigned point values to various stress inducing situations. It is like a report card. What you do is add up all the points that you earn - if your score is over 200 - don't worry, according to the predictions of these wise-guys, you have already had a nervous break-down. If you score between 150 and 190 then I predict that the knowledge of how close you are to a break-down that this test gives you may just be enough to push you over the top. Happy Insanity!

HAPPENING	SCORE
Death of a spouse	100
Divorce	73
Marital separation	65
Detention in jail	65
Death of a close friend	64
Personal injury	53
Marriage	47
Fired from work	46
Retirement	45
Marital reconciliation	45
Change in the health or behavior of family member	44
Pregnancy (no problem here)	40
Major business adjustment	40
Sexual difficulties (always)	40
Change in financial state	40
Death of a relative (not close)	40
Change to different line of work	36
Change in the number of arguments with spouse	35
Gaining a new family member	30
Son/Daughter leave home	29
In-law trouble	29
Out-Law trouble	29
Change in living conditions	25
Troubles with boss	23
Change in residence	20
Change in sleeping habits	16

Change in eating habits	14
Vacation	13
Minor violations of the law	11

Note: No cheating, we all have troubles enough without trying to inflate your score. The 200 max is figured on a one year basis. Any year with more than 200 and it's bonkers. There are a good number more to list, but they are not very appropriate.

steady nerves.

TAKE ME

by: Ron Swan

Take me to the country
Let me breath the sweet clean air
Take me to a soft gree valley
With cold clear water running there
Take me to the quiet fields
Where I can sing all day
Yes, take me to the country
Cause that's where I want to stay...

CHAINS ON ME

by: Ron Swan.

To tell you that
I love you could
Never be enough;
To say that
I would stay forever
Just might be a lie....
But to tell you
You are beautiful
As long as you are free:
Is to say,
You'll have no chains on me;
And, I'll have
none on you.....

TORTURED MIND

by: Glenn Berehulke.

I know that the day is drawing near
I wish it would have lasted
At least one more year.
I guess it is really much to late
For even me to stop such hate.
My mind now starts to dissappear
I know - at least - it's not from fear.
When my mind blows open wide
I hope YOU people will have time to hide.

THE QUESTION

Somewhere in your
withering away from
is what I wanted,
what I designed
in my eye.

Amber velvet, a
blanket of quiet
fire.

And made upon
your body and what
it did to me,
a hearth to spin at.

Should I have raged
my face upon you?
Grappled with you
in the middle of your
own fearing ground?

Would I have called
that real loving,
and this
after all....
just images?

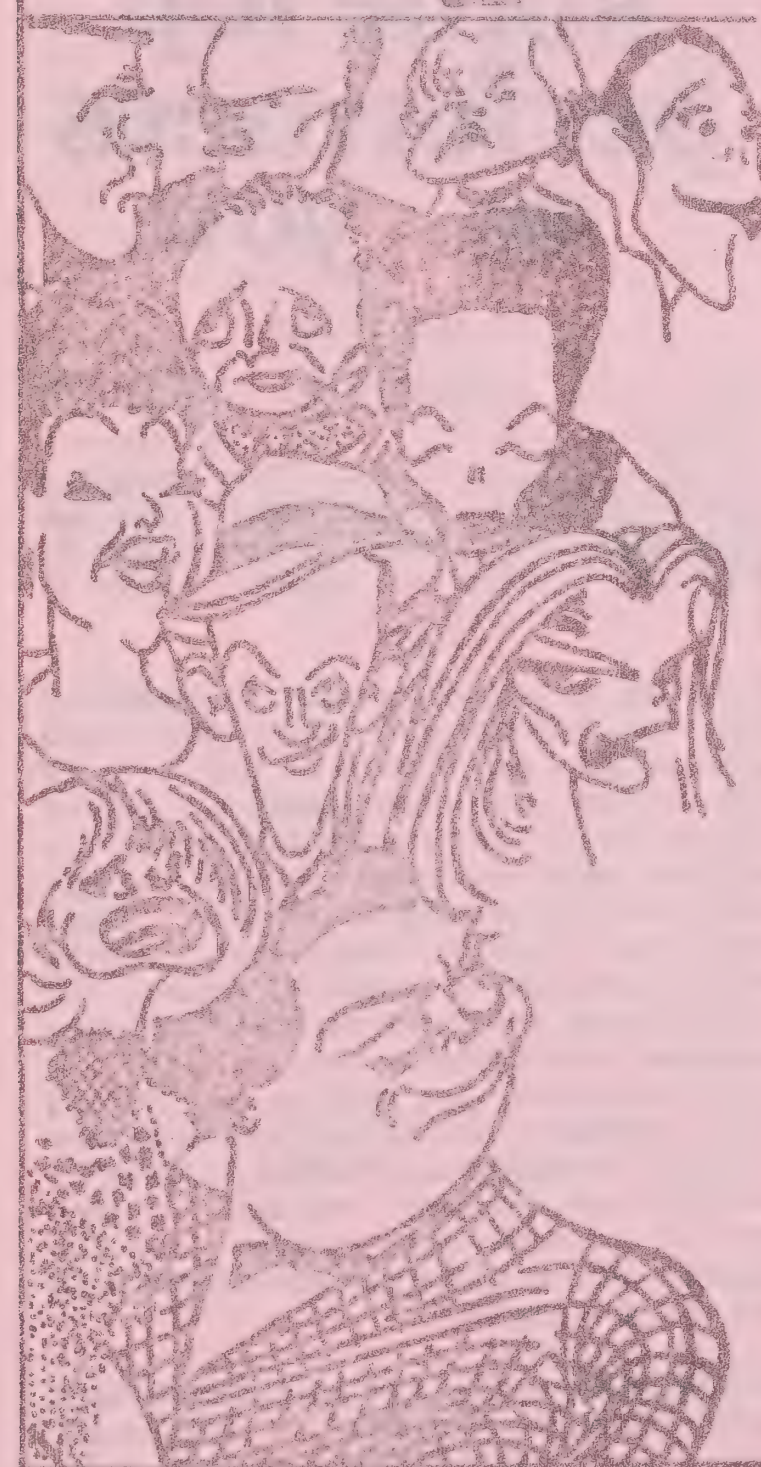
DAB.

THOUGHTS OF YOU

by: Ron Swan

All yesterday the thouth of you
Lay resting in my soul
When sleep wondered over the world
Even that thought you stoled
To fill my heart with splendour
Such as the stars could not eclipse
And in the morning I awaken
With your name upon my lips
Cool drifts the air at dawn of day
Cool lies the sleeping dew
But my heart is burning for I awoke
From sweet dreams of you
And oh, these longing eyes of mine
Look out and only see
A dying night, awakening day
And a calm on all but me.....

straight SCOOP



PLAGUES OF THE PAST

	SEPT.	AUG.	JULY	JUNE	MAY.
Highest No.	5151	5129	5110	5078	5017
Joint Count	508	501	522	512	494
Transfers to:					
Other Joints	23	26	24	45	18
Farm Annex	5	6	2	10	14
Admitted	23	30	52	69	36
Released					
Mandatory	22	14	20	18	12
Parole *	0	3	3	2	5

Note: NPS reached optimum level in Sept.*

COUNTERFEIT

HotDamn - and they put me in prison for stealing. Have you seen what they have done to the coffee prices? Formerly, a half pound of institutional brand coffee sold at \$1.11. Wages control we got, but the price - raised to \$2.38.

Hard Times

That tangled web we weave. If we can see any of the WRITING ON THE WALL, Off The WALL sees very poor Christmas TA possibilities this year. If we are to accept the fact that paroles have become non-existent from P.A. (literally last month) then we should not be to suprised when Christmas Passes do the same thing. For those intent on trying - here is a little ammunition to present the board with. It may not help - but at least it is some -

continued on the next page

COMING UP

And would you believe it! We finally got movies. On October 15th we were treated to our first movie of the season. At long last the new security door has been installed - and now - MOVIES. Tis something for non-sportsters to look at.

We're back

HARD TIMES - continued from last page

thing intelligent to tell the board before they say - NO! It might work. Following are the statistics from last year for all the Xmas and New Year's passes for across Canada. Make careful note there were ABSOLUTELY NO FAILURES FROM MAXIMUM JOINTS! If that does not seem to impress them - point out that there were only 2 FAILURES from the entire Prairie Region!!! And if that does not IMPRESS THEM, best apply for a transfer

1975 CHRISTMAS - NEW YEAR'S PASSES

	XMAS	NEW YEARS	TOTAL
Permits Granted*	831	160	991
Failure to return	15	1	16
Success Rate	98.2%	99.4%	98.4%

* 64 LIFEES were granted TA's at Christmas and 14 for New Years. ALL RETURNED ON TIME!

REGIONAL BREAKDOWN

REGION	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.
Xmas passes	51	189	246	204	135	831
Failure	1	1	10	2	1	15
New Year's	1	65	50	33	11	160
Failure	0	0	1	0	0	1

1. Atlantic 2. Quebec 3. Ontario
4. Prairies 5. Pacific 6. Total

AS PER INSTITUTIONAL SECURITY

	TOTALS GRANTED	FAILURE
Maximum Security	76	0
Medium Security	587	11
Minimum Security	328	5

BETWEEN GOD AND MAGOG:

NEW SOLICITOR GENERAL - TOP DOG

We, the inmates of all Federal institutions in Canada, may now begin to sleep better at night. We have been placed, under the care of a new bureaucrat. It will not likely mean any sweeping change

unless, they plan to issue us with new brooms - sic pun, but then we could sweep out our cells, or something - all the hairs fell out of my broom and are littering the floor. FRANCIS FOX has been appointed the new Solicitor-General.

bringing some top performers to you.

58.

UP WITH PEOPLE

The convict population was treated to a stupendous show by the musical company called - UP WITH PEOPLE. They brought a whole trainload of performers into the institution on Thursday, October 14. To be exact, there was something like 35 people in the troupe.

The young musicians, primarily Americans put on a superb show that left a warm glow inside long after they had left. It was learned that there were a total of 110 people in the group but that our facilities were not large enough to support that big of a show. Further, it was found that the group tours for 11 months of the year touching most of Canada, the U.S., Europe and South America. The very talented performers are not paid for the work but rather they have to pay tuition to be a member in the group. All they receive is expenses. Further, though I am sure that no one realized it, they were at a disadvantage because their equipment did not arrive and they had to use our instruments.

OFF THE WALL would like to extend a warm word of Thanks on behalf of the convict population to all of these men and women for taking the time to give a little of themselves to all of us who were lucky enough to be able to watch their show.

Message

CHRISTMAS PARTY FOR THE KIDIES

Once more this year the very successful xmas party for the guys wivies and children will be repeated. This practice was instituted about three years ago and has always been very popular. It offers the guys with kids an opportunity to visit informally with their wife and children in a much improved atmosphere. Typically it features; eats, presents, a real live Santa, games, and cartoons for the kiddies of all ages.

Those wishing information, contact Larry Smith in B2 - 9 IMMEDIATELY!

THE LONG MARCH

GUN CAGE

For a while this summer it looked like the success enjoyed last year with hockey and curling were to be relegated to nothing more than memories from the past - why I remember how it used to be in the good old days - but sheet metal, steel tubing, and Snow Fence have come to the rescue. Last spring, custody was pulled out of the yard and only perimeter security was maintained. Had this situation remained, it would have been impossible to curl or play hockey because the facilities housing the in-door curling rink and hockey change room could not be opened without some form of security.

A 'new security' cage has been built for the staff that has a section in the corner of each building as well as a fenced in catwalk connecting the two buildings. With all of the new cages being erected it has dawned on me that staff now spend more time each day in cells than we, the cons, do.

THE FOUR HORSEMEN-- AND A DARK HORSE

NO PAROLES

The rumor circulating about the non-existent nature of paroles is entirely untrue. Why, in the last six months more than 12 persons have left here on parole. More than 12 - means 13. Pretty dismal when compared to National averages. Somewhere I read, I think it was in a NPS press release, that approximately 40% of those inmates applying for parole are granted some type of parole. Parole is not to be confused with mandatory supervision. At this institution less than 10% of those going before the board are released.

Within the past year the Parole Officers from Prince Albert, have been advising inmates that are about due for parole to get a transfer to lesser security institutions. That little move is a lot easier said than done. This place is overcrowded and yet the Mediums in the Prairie Region will only accept most transfers on the exchange basis. Of well, so much for parole.

OUT OF THE PAGES

59.

PRODUCTION COST - OFF THE WALL - AUGUST

Paper - 21 M. @ \$4.22 per M.	\$88.62
Covers - 1360 @ 2.58¢ each	35.09
Ink - 3 pounds @ 4.77 per lb.	14.31
Stencils:	
Gestifax - 10 @ 50¢ each	5.00
Gerstetner - 50 @ 10¢ each	5.00
Postage	
100 @ 9¢ each	9.00
50 @ 12¢ each	6.00
Miscellaneous expense	5.00
Total cost 670 copies	\$168.00
Per Copy Cost	25¢

PODIUM POKER

SPEAK OUT

The annual banquet for the Vince McLeod Toastmasters will be held October 28, and it promises to be a very successful night for those belonging to the club. There will be more than 40 outside guests in attendance and the program shows some very talented speakers for the evening.

MIXED SIGNALS

TERM SENTENCES IN CALIFORNIA

Gov. Edmund Brown Jr. today signed a landmark measure scrapping the way California has sentenced prison inmates for the last 59 years.

The prison bill will set exact prison terms for most crimes giving the judge the choice of three sentences to impose, such as two, three, or four years and shortens parole time to one year for most inmates.

Two other measures were also passed. One dealing with youthful offenders which prohibits jailing them with felons and also restricts juveniles charged with running away and truancy from being held with other juvenile "criminal" offenders. Also, a bill was passed that makes the sentence of LIFE mandatory for persons convicted of murder with torture.

Born-Again

CARD ROOM

Our recreation facilities have been given back to us. The card room opened again the second week of October. This was a very welcome move because now that winter has already started to make its presence known, there are a lot less guys that are going outside. Moving the

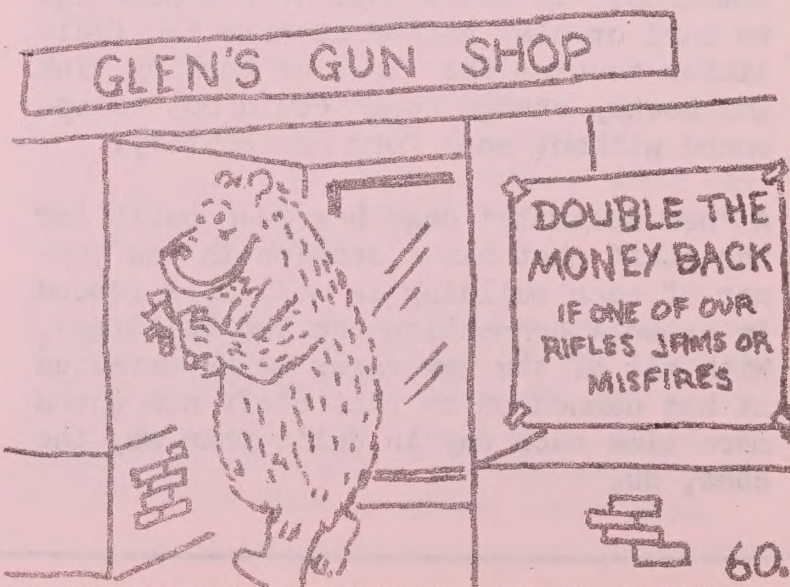
cards back into the card room freed the gym for floor hockey and basketball and both games have been in full swing for a couple of weeks.

The weights were also moved back into their old resting spot in the card room. Good thing too - one could freeze his fingers lifting in the good-old-outdoors.

do an encore

JOINT MOVEMENT

September saw two major changes in the housing of inmates. As the Director assured us in May, F4 was finally closed. F4 which had been used to house what was termed 'non-productive' but at times appeared to be 'segregation' inmates has recently been re-opened to the population. At the same time, C6 Dormitory was closed. Coincidentally, most of those that had been living in C6 moved to F4. C6 had been a soft/sore spot for some time. Security minded officials saw it as a sore spot cause it was very hard to maintain adequate security. The inmates who lived there saw it as a soft spot because it offered a few concessions that the cell blocks do not. Scratch the dorms. At this point in time there are no longer any inmates, from the population living in dormitories. At one time, 3 were required to house the excess population.



OFF THE WALL
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SASKATCHEWAN



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EXTRA

WANTED

off the wall

CHEAP

FREE

EXTRA

APRIL 1, 1984

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD!

On the inside ...

Day in court

Time

Under the Dome

Fellow-inmate cri
extends jail

OFF
Over the Wall

sentence
the cells saying th
in the ce

WANTED

Merchants desiring to retire
from business can sell their

Deaths

72, of 462 For-
enue. West Kil-

nipeg, husban
Matthews.

Habeas corpus dies

LAW
MAY 1, 1976
DAY

FOR SALE

haunt ex-convicts
ing against discrimination ple.
the ex-convict goes for

TRUTH AND
RUMOURS

Freedom of

Liberty of Religion

Equality of Civil Rights

HOOT OUT AT
THE TOP TEN